

SCREENLAND

February
25c

Painted by
Georgia
Warren

ADVANCE COPY

Who Is She?

\$5000.00 to the WINNER

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



*Wonderful
New Color
for Lips*

Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



**Get This
Week End Set
—SPECIAL**

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-542, Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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Street.....

City and State.....

**EVERYBODY
TALKS** *in this*
**FIRST ALL-Talking
FARCE-COMEDY**

"The GHOST TALKS!"

There's a thrill a minute in the action and a laugh every other second in the side-splitting dialog written by Frederick H. Brennan and Harlan Thompson!

WILLIAM FOX, in this newest Movietone Feature, introduces a new technique on the screen . . . don't miss this all-talking farce comedy when it comes to your favorite motion picture theater!

*The
GHOST
TALKS
and so
does the
Screen
in this
latest*

MOVIE-TONE

Directed in dialog by
LEWIS SEILER

Charles Eaton

Helen Twelvetrees

Earle Fox

Carmel Myers

DEC 28 1928

Who is the Masked
Girl on the Cover?
See Page 41 for Con-
test Announcement.



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SCREENLAND

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Delight Evans, Editor

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"PARAMOUNT takes an easy lead in talking pictures"

¶ So stated the New York Morning "World" on the presentation at the Criterion Theatre of "Interference", Paramount's first All-Talking Picture. And public and critics from coast to coast have echoed and re-echoed Paramount's triumph in this new form



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FERENCE"

of entertainment! But great as "Interference" is, it is only a hint of the amazing Paramount Talking Pictures that are coming to you. ¶ Between now and July 1, 1929, Paramount will present 22 ALL-TALKING Pictures with players selected from the cream



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DOCTOR'S
SECRET"

of Broadway talent and Paramount's own great stars. In every particular—in story, in casting, and in direction, they are *Paramount*—commanding all the



"NIGHT
CLUB"

resources of the greatest organization in motion pictures. Today, as for 16 years, only Paramount will ever surpass Paramount! ¶ In addition, Paramount presents 17 part talking, singing and sound hits. ¶ Many of these sound pictures will have "silent" versions as well, so if the theatre you now attend is not equipped for sound, you will still be able to see and enjoy these great Paramount Pictures. ¶ Paramount's



JEANNE
EAGELS
"THE LETTER"



"THE CANARY
MURDER CASE"

Talking and Singing Acts, and Paramount Song Cartoons and "Famous Composers" Series. ¶ Soon, the news reel that you all know as the best and most timely will be in sound, and when you *hear* Paramount Sound News you will realize that here, too, Paramount is supreme. ¶ No longer do talking pictures attract on novelty alone. You demand *quality* and *Paramount* supplies it. ¶ "If it's a *Paramount Picture* it's the best show in town"!

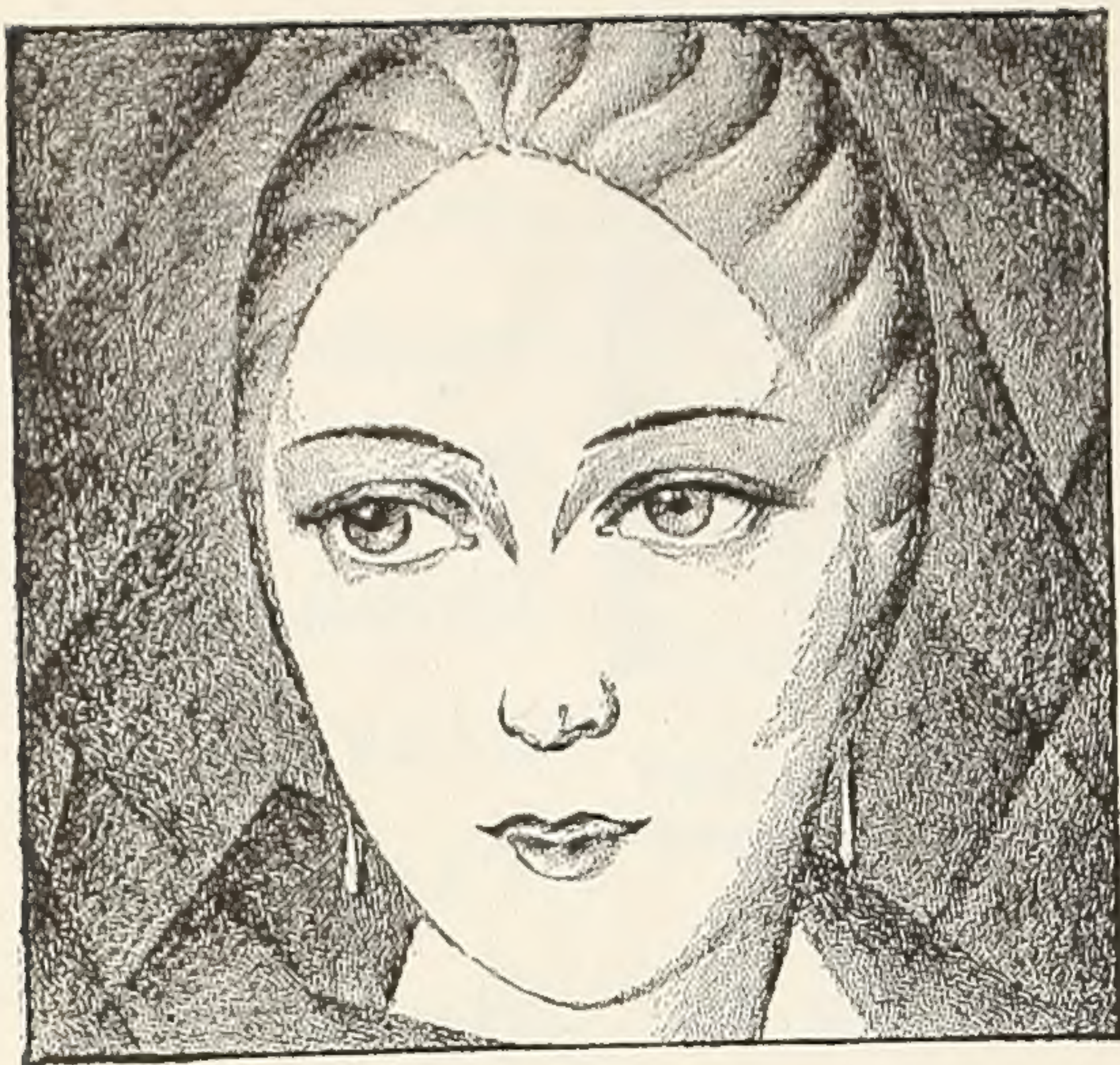


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FOR YOUR
EYES



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AS a view of a super-photo-play fills one with satisfaction—SO will a visit to the seashore and our Hotel prove a vacation program par-excellence!

HILLMAN MANAGEMENT

When in Washington Visit
HARVEY'S RESTAURANT
11th & Penna. Aves.
Famous since 1856



☞ Lily Damita plays the important role of the dancer in the film version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

BOOKS FOR FANS

☞ "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is now Being Filmed.
Charles Brabin, who is directing, tells you about it.

MANY persons who have enjoyed "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" as a novel apparently have been worried as to the method that would be followed in making it into a picture. Persons who enjoyed Mr. Wilder's original method of treatment were prepared to be disappointed if this unique flavor was lost in the film.

The story gives the reader practically the same effect that he might get from looking over a series of very interesting, and very boldly designed woodcuts, where everything is in vivid highlights or blackest shadows.

Our problem, therefore, was to get this same effect on the screen, else we would not truly be picturizing Mr. Wilder's work. We finally arrived at the conclusion that the only solution was to strive to do in pictorial effects what the author succeeded in doing in word pictures. That is, we saw that our task was to take the word pictures of the author, and translate them into corresponding pictures on the screen.

Lighting proved the main problem, and in many cases it has meant rather elaborate experimenting. In almost every scene it was necessary to throw salient features of faces into vivid highlight and black shadow, and still keep intact the surroundings, or,

in other words, keep practically a full photographic light on settings.

The story itself is a series of vignettes. The Marquesa and her daughter, Pepita, the convent girl, Esteban; Uncle Pio; the dancer and so on.

Finally, in one swift drawing together he interlocks these lives. The Marquesa takes charge of Pepita; Uncle Pio and the dancer come into the circle—and they all meet on the Bridge of San Luis Rey where a catastrophe works the parallel that links each factor of life in the story into a single idea.

So, in making the picture, we are trying to do the same thing—to show in bold relief not only the characters, but, by sketchy sequences, the salient features of each story—then, as the author did, bring them together in a dramatic climax. It is the strangest form of story telling in the world, and, never having been done on the screen before, provides no rules or precedents with which to work.

We are happy, however, in that we have obtained a remarkable cast. Lily Damita plays the dancer. Raquel Torres is the convent girl. Emily Fitzroy is ideally cast as the Marquesa. Ernest Torrence will lend great artistry to the role of Uncle Pio.

WILLIAM HAINES IN ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

with

LIONEL BARRYMORE—KARL DANE—LEILA HYAMS

A Jack Conway Production
From the play by
Paul Armstrong
Adaptation by A. P. Younger
Continuity by
Sara Y. Mason
Titles by Joe Farnham



JIMMY GETS
THE THIRD DEGREE

Slowly . . . silently . . . ominously . . . the great steel door swung shut, locking within that airless vault a helpless little child—the sister of the girl he loved...

He had endured the third degree—could he stand that pitiful appeal? To “crack” the safe was a confession—not to, was—murder! What did “Jimmy Valentine” decide?

It's an evening you'll remember all your life. A smash hit on Broadway at \$2 admission . . . acclaimed the perfected dialogue accompaniment. You'll have all the same thrills when your local theatre shows this record-breaking Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, either silent or with dialogue.



THE CONSPIRATORS
WILLIAM HAINES—KARL DANE—TULLY MARSHALL



WILLIAM HAINES WITH
LOVELY LEILA HYAMS

It's in our safe—\$50!

Have you the right combination?
Answer these simple questions
and win the prize!

Come all you safe-crackers with bright ideas! There's \$50 and a valuable prize waiting for you in the M-G-M safe! The best set of answers to these five questions turns the trick. Read the rules below and send in your safe-cracking answers.

To the man winning the contest, William Haines will give \$50.00 and the electric flash lamp he uses in “Alias Jimmy Valentine”. To the woman, Leila Hyams will send \$50.00 and the beautiful handbag she carries in the same picture. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph specially autographed by

Yours cordially

Ramon Novarro

- 1—Name the six popular young players who appear in “Our Dancing Daughters.”
- 2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
- 3—What popular murder story listed as a best seller novel and serial story last year has been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
- 4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M western who posed for the head on the Buffalo nickel.
- 5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature planned as an epic production of the colored race?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by February 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE:—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of

The William Haines Contest of October
Mr. A. Humphrey Mrs. John Maloney
Redwood City, California Racine, Wisconsin

A METRO-GOLD

“More stars than there are in Heaven”



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It's Great with Dialogue or Silent!

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Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Send for free literature and details of trial offer; mention instrument.

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We teach you at home. Big demand by Movie, Vaudeville Theatres.

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Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Enormous demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest and foremost school.
EARN \$50 TO \$200 WEEKLY
Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made \$12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets \$25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned \$200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
186 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.



Remember when a famous star of the 'legitimate' would as soon have been seen dead as in a motion picture? How times have changed! With the vogue for talking pictures, almost every Broadway star of any distinction at all is preparing to invade the movie studios. They're welcome!

It is easy to turn the other cheek to the formerly scornful stage stars if they are as charming as Ina Claire. Miss Claire, one of the loveliest ladies who ever graced a theatre drawing-room, has deserted the 'legit' to have a fling at the talkies. Pathe is the lucky company.

Looking Them Over

A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

THERE'S one on every lot. Some have more than one. Wait a minute! I'll tell you what I mean. I'll tell you without giving the usual three guesses. Now! Stage players.

It used to be that when movie stars retired from the screen the stage was their goal but now the tables have turned. The west has lassoed the stage actors—Hollywood and the talkers have lured them from Broadway.

Ina Claire is the newest stage actress to be signed for talking pictures and Pathe is the lucky company. Her great beauty and fine speaking voice will be seen, heard and felt by all.

Metro-Goldwyn tracked down Willard Mack, playwright, actor and director, to make "Hunted." Mack will appear in it personally as well as direct. His wife, Beatrice Banyard, and pretty Sylvia Field, both of the stage, are in the cast.

Paramount has Jeanne Eagels. Jeanne signed a contract for the staggering sum of \$125,000. And for only two pictures. Such a contract must be deserved, Jeanne.

Herbert Marshall is also with this company. Marshall is an English actor with

lots of S. A. You will see him with Miss Eagels in "The Letter."

Claudette Colbert is to make two pictures for Paramount. The first is "The Hole in the Wall." The second is to be "Gentlemen of the Press" from the successful newspaper play which is now running on Broadway. Walter Huston, also of the stage, will have the male lead.

William Collier, Sr., papa of Buster Collier, has been snagged by Paramount, because of his stage training. He is to assist with the supervision of Richard Dix's first talkie, and may do some acting and talking himself. Buster was one of the first talkie heroes and now he can say, "So's my dad."

United Artists has Eleanor Griffith, late of "The Spider," for the feminine lead in the underworld thriller, "Nightstick."

Sylvia Sydney has been signed, for two years, by Fox. Her first picture will be "Through Different Eyes."

And still they come—Dorothy Hall is to have the feminine lead in William De Mille's "White Collars."

Even Ethel Barrymore may 'go talkie!' (Continued on page 8)

Audiences are saying it, Everywhere!



At last, "PICTURES that TALK like LIVING PEOPLE!"

Vitaphone Talking Pictures are electrifying audiences the country over!

For *Vitaphone* brings to you the greatest of the world's great entertainers...

Screen stars! Stage stars! Opera stars! Famous orchestras! Master musicians!

Vitaphone recreates them *ALL* before your eyes. You see and hear them act, talk, sing and play—like human beings in the flesh!

Do not confuse *Vitaphone* with mere "sound effects."

Vitaphone is the *ONE* proved successful talking picture—exclusive product of Warner Bros.

Remember this—if it's not Warner Bros. *Vitaphone*, it's *NOT* the real, life-like talking picture.

Vitaphone climaxes all previous entertainment achievements. See and hear this marvel of the age—*Vitaphone*.



If it's *Not* a WARNER PICTURE it's *Not* VITAPHONE

Looking Them Over—Continued from page 6



How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—always!

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a *wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

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Please send a free sample.

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Address _____
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Color of my hair _____

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Have sparkling, fascinating eyes. Get Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic at most toilet goods counters or \$1 direct to Katherine Mac Donald at Hollywood.



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COSMETIC**
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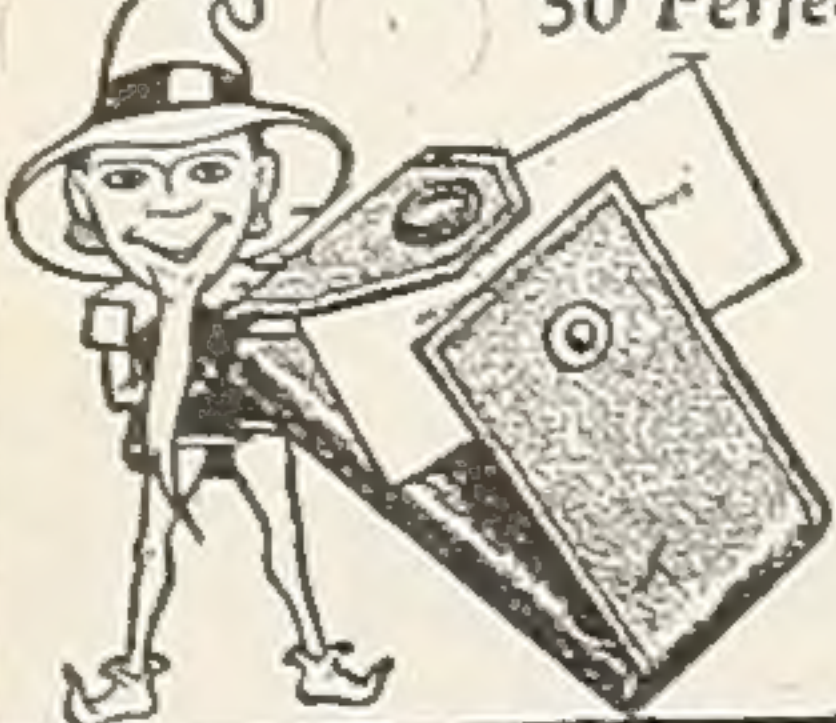
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Delicately Medicated and Antiseptic

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Black Leather Case 50c



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MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC.
34 Bridge St., New Cumberland, Pa.

Miss Barrymore made pictures long, long ago but she never 'wowed' 'em as did her brothers Jack and Lionel Barrymore.

Harry Richman, popular Broadwayite, night club host and also chief laugh-getter of George White's "Scandals," is getting set to star in "Say it With Music."

Charles King, Broadway stage favorite, did such good work in "Broadway Melody" that Metro-Goldwyn rewarded him by giving him the male lead in Marion Davies' first talkie—"The Five O'Clock Girl." Aileen Pringle, Polly Moran and George K. Arthur make up the rest of the cast.

We mustn't forget Al Jolson who really started it. He's out at Warners' studio making more talking pictures for us. "Mammy" is the title of his next. According to report, Ruby Keeler, his wife, may play opposite him. And why not? After all she's his Mammy, now.

Which goes to prove that the voice with the smile signs the contract.

Did you hear about Richard Arlen? They've made a sheik of him. (Yes, I always thought he was 'sheiky,' too, but this is different.) He has whiskers 'n everything for his part in "Four Feathers." It is said to be a choice role. Another feather in his cap.

Get thrilled! Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are going to be together again in "Blue Skies."

A certain party named Clara Bow is making "That Wild Party." Watta title! It is to be Clara's first all-dialogue picture. The story is by Warner Fabian, author of "Flaming Youth"—and that's good news, too.

The Moderns of today are coming in for their share of glory in the movies.

Joan Crawford is going to make a series of pictures depicting the modern girl.

Ruth Taylor and Buddy Rogers are going to be co-starred in pictures about the Moderns. The first is "Young Sinners."

Columbia Pictures has "The Younger Generation" with Lina Basquette and Rex Lease.

Corinne Griffith is at work on "Saturday's Children." We all know that Saturday's children must work for a living. At the same studio, First National, Dorothy MacKaill and Jack Mulhall are making "Children of the Ritz." That ought to make everyone happy.

Lucky Lorayne DuVal extra-ed for only three months when Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her and gave her the feminine lead opposite Reginald Denny in "His Lucky Day." Whose lucky day?

Lily Damita will have the chief feminine role in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Ernest Torrence and Raquel Torres are also in the cast. That leaves Ronald Colman (Continued on page 10)



☞ Eleanor Griffith of Broadway is now a Hollywood luminary. United Artists signed her to play the leading feminine role in "Nightstick," a drama of the underworld. Yes—she'll talk!

How I Licked the Whispering Voices of Stage Fright!

It wasn't so long ago that I used to shrink in the background all the time. How often I've wanted to spring a new idea at a business conference—tell a funny story at a social affair—or stand up and talk at lodge meeting! But no—stage fright, nervousness, and timidity kept me silent while men of less ability won business promotions and social popularity. Now I am a changed man.

BEFORE I explain how I overcame these handicaps, let me say this. Years ago I noticed that almost invariably the promotions in business, the positions of honor in civic affairs, the invitations to the best social circles—all go to the man who can dominate one person or thousands—who is known as an interesting talker.

But I always felt I could never be that type of man. I used to think good speakers were "born that way" . . . that somehow these faults that kept me silent were part of my physical makeup and that I could never correct them. I know that sounds silly—but then we humans are always making silly excuses for not getting the things we want in life.

But there was a girl . . . well, you see, she was the boss' secretary, pretty as a picture, smart as a whip—and I fell hard. There again my "inferiority complex" kept me from trying to cultivate her, especially as I knew she was receiving attention from men who were making more in a week than I made in a month. But one day she stopped at my desk to tell me that my department head was leaving in a few months, and asked me point blank why I didn't apply for his job. I stammered out something about being unable to handle such a big job.

"Look here," she said softly, "I've been watching your work for two years. And I know you can handle it. The trouble with you is that you don't know

how to sell yourself. Wait a minute." She walked to her desk and came back with a clipping in her hand. "Here's the kind of training you need. Don't let this opportunity slip by."

That clipping changed my whole career. It told about a marvelously simple home study method of training by which any man could become a dominating speaker. I sent for it. And in a few weeks I was amazed at the speed with which I overcame my lack of confidence and poise. Then one day I paid a surprise visit to the big boss and asked him for the department head's job. I talked for ten minutes without interruption, telling him my plans for running the department, while Martha looked on approvingly. To make a long story short, I got the job and a fat increase in salary. (P. S. Six months later I got the girl, too.)

* * *

There is no magic, no mystery, no trick about becoming a popular speaker. No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can bring out quickly your natural ability and

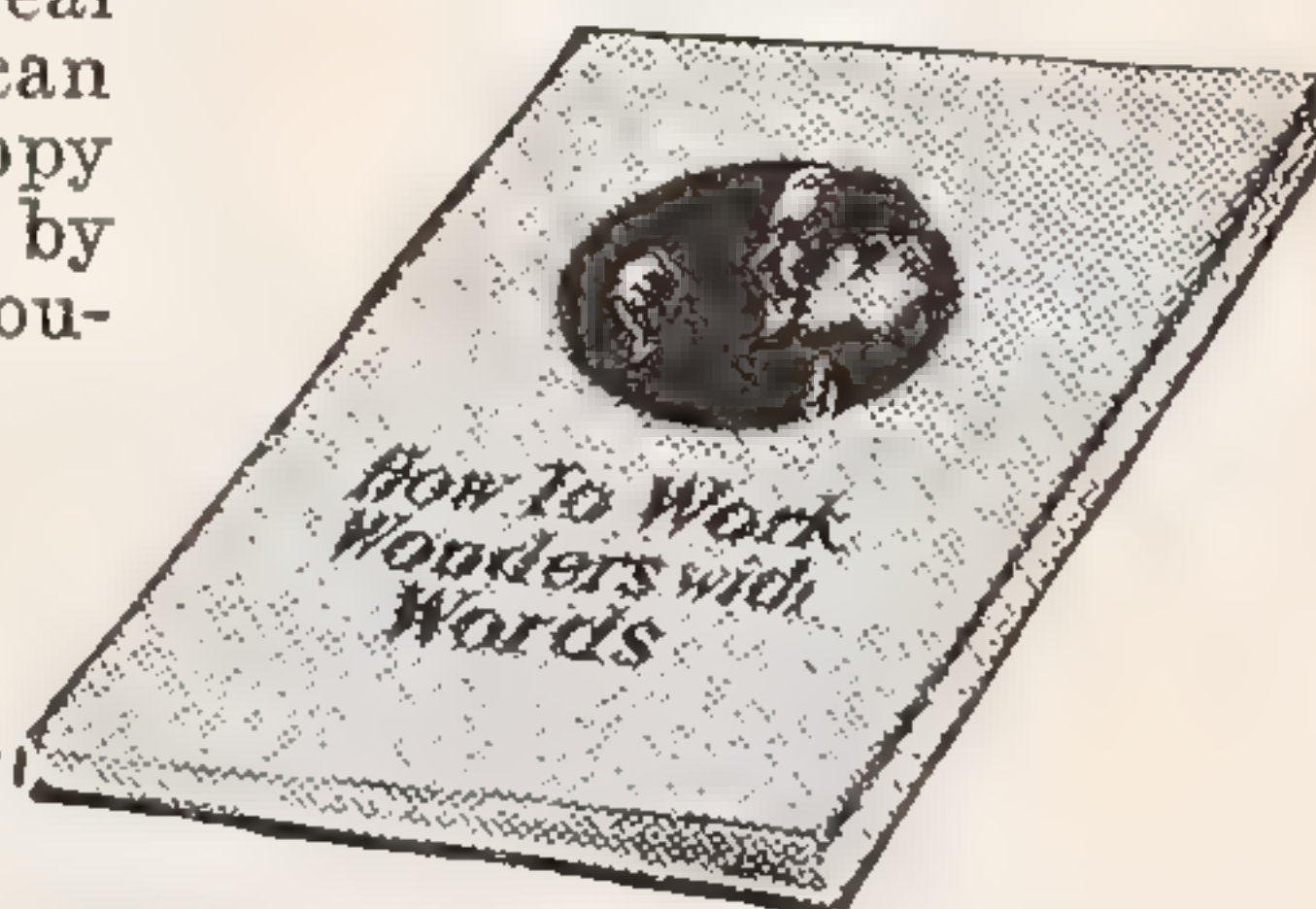


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The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

Over thirty years ago, when I was a young medical student in Vienna, I worked under the direction of a famous physician and skin specialist who had remarkable success in treating the greatest variety of skin troubles. And although he gave different prescriptions to his patients, they were all founded on one special base.

I marveled at this unguent which had power not only to soothe and heal the skin, but to invest it with great beauty. And I began earnestly to wish that more people might know about this wonderful preparation and benefit by it . . . I dreamed of possessing the formula and re-creating it in the form of a beauty preparation that would be a cleanser, molder and revitalizer in one . . . a balm soothing and protective to the delicate skin of a baby.

I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe . . . the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my joy when the great task was completed, when I held in my hands this *concentrated beauty treatment!*

WHAT IS "PASTEURIZED CREAM"?

The word "pasteurized" is the keynote to the cream's extraordinary wonders. When Louis Pasteur discovered the process that would purify milk and cream, and make it safe for the most delicate of children, he unknowingly discovered also the finest process for purifying face cream too.

Pasteurized Face Cream is far more than a cream . . . it is a reproduction of the skin's natural oils and youth essences! Here is no mere temporary freshener of the skin, on and off in a twinkling—this is a beauty-builder which works hand in hand with Nature! The skin welcomes it . . . hungers for its beauty-giving essences. And the longer it is left on the greater the benefits derived from it. *There is no necessity for washing it away!*

As a cleanser, Pasteurized Face Cream is perfect. Pore-clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. And while it cleanses, Pasteurized Face Cream revitalizes the tissues . . . it lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead . . . it sculpts contours into clean-chiseled lines of youth! Sensitive skins, skins roughened and scaly from exposure, hard water and harsh soaps, find in Pasteurized Face Cream soothing comfort . . . renewed smoothness . . . silken softness. Oily and pimpled skins which rebel against most face creams, respond amazingly to Pasteurized Face Cream.

Women whose fancy is captured by a pretty jar do not buy Pasteurized Face Cream. But women—and men—of discriminative judgment realize that here is unparalleled value.

Helena Rubinstein

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM 1.00
The Largest Selling Quality Cream in the World

Helena Rubinstein's Salons, offering her world-famous scientific beauty treatments, are located in the following cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Newark, London, Paris.

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations and Cosmetics are obtainable at the better shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

-----[Clip and mail immediately—it means new beauty for you]-----
MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 8 East 57th Street, New York.

Please send, without charge, the booklet, "Three Steps to Beauty," also full instructions on the daily care of my skin, which is:

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without a leading woman again. First Vilma, and now Lily! Who will be next? Ronald Colman is to start work on "Bulldog Drummond."

Carol Lombard, blonde graduate of the Mack Sennett School, and Conrad Nagel have been selected by Cecil B. De Mille for "Dynamite," his first picture under the Metro banner.

Reports from England have it that Pola Negri has obtained George Bernard Shaw's consent to film his play "Caesar and Cleopatra." Of course, Pola will be Cleo, and the picture will be made in England—if the report turns out to be true.

There are three all-colored pictures coming along—and I don't mean Technicolor. King Vidor's "Hallelujah." Pathe has the film rights to "Porgy." Fox is making "Hearts in Dixie."

Tiffany-Stahl have signed our old friend Conway Tearle for talkies.

Did you ever hear of a 'Noise Library?' Metro-Goldwyn has one. Some of the records on file are: the wail of an infant, snores of a sleeper, machine gun bullets spattering on pavements and a complete football game. The only thing that seems to be missing is the cat's meow.

Everyone who comes to New York visits the Roxy Theatre to see Maria Gambarelli. The beautiful 'Gamby' is the premier danseuse and is known to thousands of radio and picture fans. She and her gang of dancing girls will be seen in the night club sequence of "The Hole in the Wall."



Ⓐ Claudette Colbert created on the stage two roles which were later played on the screen by others: Bebe Daniels in "A Kiss in a Taxi" and Dorothy Mackaill in "The Barker." Now Claudette will speak up for herself in a talkie, "The Hole in the Wall."

A NEW HIT FOR THE NEW YEAR!

New York has a new thrill... *You'll have it soon!*

Twice a day—every day—at \$2.00 per seat, "THE BARKER" is making film history.

As one man twenty famous critics declared—"The picture is, *there!*"...

And since then Broadway's been a one-way street—all Manhattan headed for this First National Special from a famous stage-hit.

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Broadway sends you its latest \$2.00 sensation— The BARKER

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Marvelous job

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One of the year's winners

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Quite credibly tough

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Sizzling entertainment

The picture is there!

Uniformly high merit

Vital

Wholly intriguing



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hired another woman to win the Love of the man she feared! You'll gasp at the strange secret drama that seethes sinisterly behind the gaudy glamor of the Midway. "Behind-the-tent stuff is the intimate sort that 'gets' you," said N. Y. Daily News.

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BETTER far to be a two-timer than an old timer! Be young. Be gay. If it's an effort let SCREENLAND help you. Let us help you, anyway! Let SCREENLAND banish those blues and put you in the pink; make you feel as spry and skittish as the very latest Hollywood ingenue. (And that's pretty skittish, let us tell you!) No matter whether you are sixteen or sixty, or between—and we'll bet you are—there's something in SCREENLAND for you.

Read SCREENLAND and keep up with the movies. See, hear, sniff and feel your favorite films. SCREENLAND, every month, keeps you in touch with Hollywood—the real Hollywood, home of the most lovable, most human people in the world—the people who make your motion pictures. Meet them all, in

SCREENLAND, THE MODERN MAGAZINE of the MOVIES!



You'd never guess, so we'll tell you. A scene from the famous old stage play, "The Warrens of Virginia," in 1908. The gentleman at the left is none other than Cecil B. De Mille. Then an actor, he is now our most modern movie director. He hasn't kept up with the times—he's 'way ahead of 'em! Seated is Frank Keenan—then, as now, foremost character actor. And next is Eugene O'Brien, who has also kept in tune with the times in the talkies.

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.
2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be. Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'" Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
8542 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

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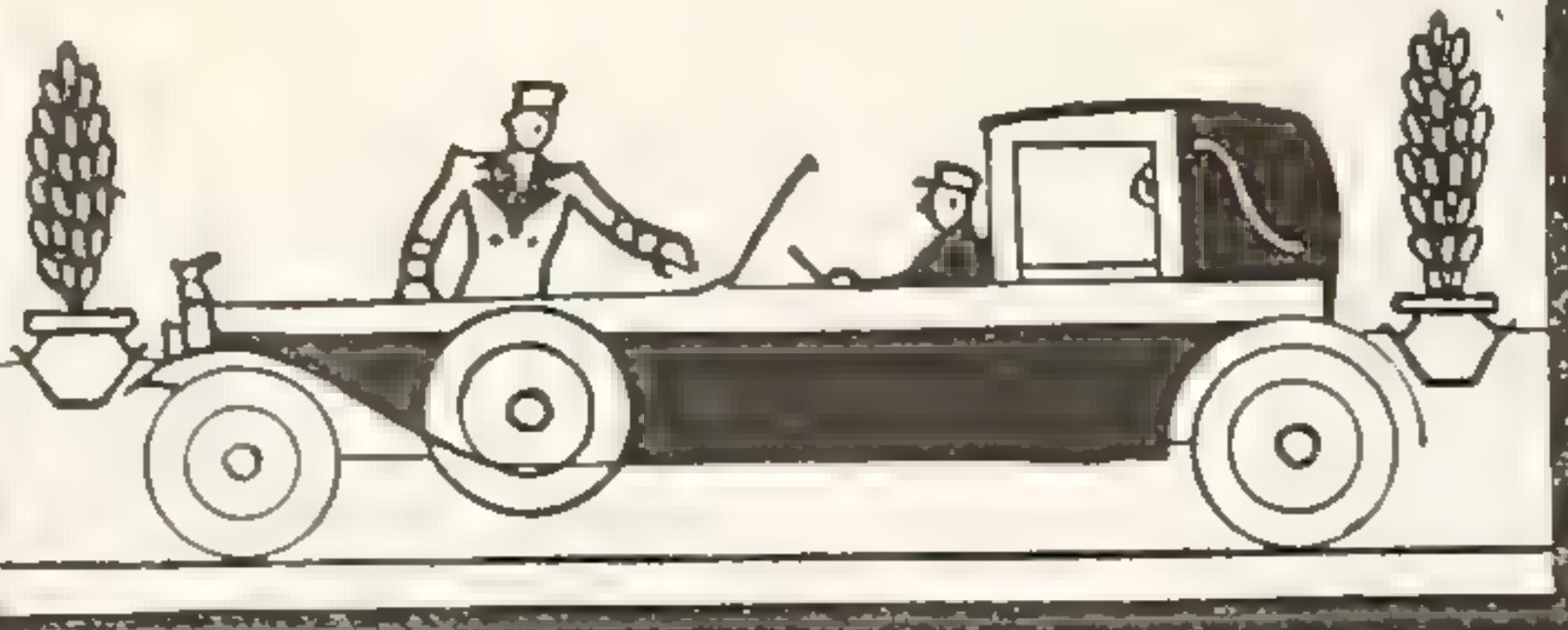
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Confessions of the Fans

This is the Fans' Forum! It is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of and ambitions for the movies. Let's hear from you! Send along your photograph with your letter, because the other readers want to get acquainted. The most entertaining letters, on subjects of general interest, will be printed.

THE EDITOR.

*Small Town—
But Not
Small Time!*



DEAR EDITOR:

At last, a chance to tell the world what the movies have meant to me! This department is a fine thing.

We, in the small towns, depend upon the movies for the major part of our diversion. The local theatres mail us their programs and know that they've booked a customer. We see every picture and enjoy it—mostly. Of course, we like to pan the bad ones but we do it ever so gently.

Bill Haines is very popular here. "Excess Baggage" showed us a wistful Bill we never knew existed.

Erich Von Stroheim, too, gave us a shock with his touching love scenes in "The Wedding March." He was absolutely lovable at times and we had to forgive him for his inevitable sausage eater.

But what about sound pictures for us? I suppose the high cost of sound reproduction equipment will deny us the pleasure of hearing them at home. But why get that way about it when New York is only fifty miles away!

I saw Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and he certainly made a 'crying fool' out of me. It was wonderful, and brought me back to the first talking picture I saw when I was a kid. The manager's wife read the lines behind the curtain and changed her voice to suit her idea of each character. It must have been awful but I remember how wonderful I thought it was.

Remember those good old melodramas? Compare them with the new pictures. Each one has its little innovations. King Vidor introduced lip reading in "The Big Parade." Charles Chaplin's pantomime is unique. Murnau's camera angles are startling—and now Victor Seastrom depicting the player's thoughts as he did in "Masks of the Devil." What next? Whatever it is, I'll see it.

We keep close tab on the stars through the medium of the movie magazines, of which SCREENLAND has always been my favorite, principally because it has never carried any sensational scandals or divorces. This seems to me a very wise policy. The tabloids seem to cover that side of things so perfectly!

May I thank you for this opportunity and unburden myself again when the spirit moves me?

Sincerely,
MRS. F. A. CUNEO,
Brightwaters, Long Island,
New York.

Hear, Hear!

DEAR EDITOR:

Do you mind if I cry a little? In other words, what do you think about these new talking motion pictures? Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. See what I mean? I mean, sometimes I think they are swell, and then I've heard a film cutie that I've always been pretty crazy about say something like, "Oh, don't you love me?" or



"It's time to go home," and I decide unan-
imously, "No, I don't love you," and
"Well, I'd just as soon go home."

Of course, I knew all the time that these film beauties could talk, but I never thought much about it. They looked so darned good as they were that I didn't care whether they talked or not—I just looked at them and let it go at that. Well, now they're talking, aren't they, and the sudden outburst has frightened me.

Maybe the thing has got my goat because I've thought of them as beautiful silent ladies, sort of statues like Galatea. I've loved them like that. Then they suddenly open their mouth and utter something like, "I'll have an erster cocktail and a plernked sterk," and I feel like running to the nearest exit.

I suppose I'll have to get used to the thing, won't I? Perhaps when I hear them talk in a couple of pictures I'll want to hear them talk all the time. I may go to Hollywood and become a professional eavesdropper just to hear them talk. Maybe I may do so much listening that I'll forget how to talk myself. You can see that the whole thing has got me pretty worried.

On the other hand, take Al Jolson. Mr. Jolson can talk all he wants to and sing all he wants to and I'll listen. Is it because he was a great stage entertainer that I like him, editor? When I first saw him in "The Jazz Singer" I thought, 'Here is something great! How long has this been going on!' And when I saw him in "The Singing Fool," I thought, 'Let's insure his voice! Let's egg him on!'

Well, I suppose there are others like Al and I suppose there will be more coming along who will be as good. I'll wait. I'll not only wait, I'll write you about it whether you like what I say or not. I'll unburden myself to you just as pleasantly as I know how.

Wait a minute, editor! I saw one picture with a couple of my favorite girl friends in it, and they can talk all they want to on the screen. Did you see "The Barker?" Well, do you remember when Milton Sills poked his head into the dressing room of Betty Compson when she was the hula dancer? And Betty said, "C'mon in!" Well, I got up in my seat without reaching for my hat. I decided I could beat Milton Sills into that dressing room even if he did have a few rows head start on me. That was the first time I ever heard Betty Compson speak and I'm ready to hear her again. The same goes for Dorothy Mackaill in the same picture. Those two girls are my ideals at present. They can talk on and on for all I care, and I'll listen. Betty Compson's voice even sounded good after Milton Sills had choked her, and if a girl's voice sounds good after she's been choked I'll say she's got vox appeal. Get it?

Well, I guess I've said enough. Who knows but what next time you get an envelope from me you'll take out a blank piece of paper and look at it and then you'll hear my own voice come out of it instead of reading it. I don't think such a thing is likely very soon, of course, but look at the telephone! Look at the radio! Look at the submarine! Look at the electric light bulb! Go ahead and look at 'em if you want to! I'll look at Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill and others of my favorites—and at the same time I'll listen to 'em! Four out of five have IT—the other one can be an extra in the background and wave a flag. A minute ago I said I guessed I'd said enough. All right, I'm packing!

Best to Screenland,

J. CLARENCE,
Virginia Apartments,
Minneapolis, Minn.

"A Delicate Subject —but these girls must be told"

*—a dean of women says, in discussing
this phase of modern feminine hygiene*



Unfortunately this delicate subject is seldom discussed. Now, a new patented process deodorizes* this scientific sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant fear.

Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

*Kotex now completely deodorizes**

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through this sanitary protection. Now a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. In Kotex laboratories the one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. You can adjust the filler. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture. 5 times more absorbent than cotton

itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today... 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587)

5 Important Features:

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and

- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

SCREENLAND'S

DEDICATED TO



Impressions of Evelyn Brent, that smouldering and lovely lady, in "Interference"; in "Underworld"; in a scene with Clive Brook, and as herself.

Evelyn Brent is always convincing. You forget she is acting and live her roles with her.

SHE'S a moody, amazing actress. Can you think of anyone who even remotely resembles Evelyn Brent on the screen? Of course not! She is in a class by herself. Where other stars gurgles, she looks glum. Where most movie beauties spare no pains to be pleasantly alluring, Betty Brent achieves her effects by directly opposite methods. She has sulked and stormed her way into fame! And now as the bold, bad girl in "Interference" she scores again.

Here are glimpses of Evelyn as the fascinating Feathers of "Underworld," as the actress in "The Last Command," and as a daring duchess in "His Tiger Lady."

HONOR PAGE

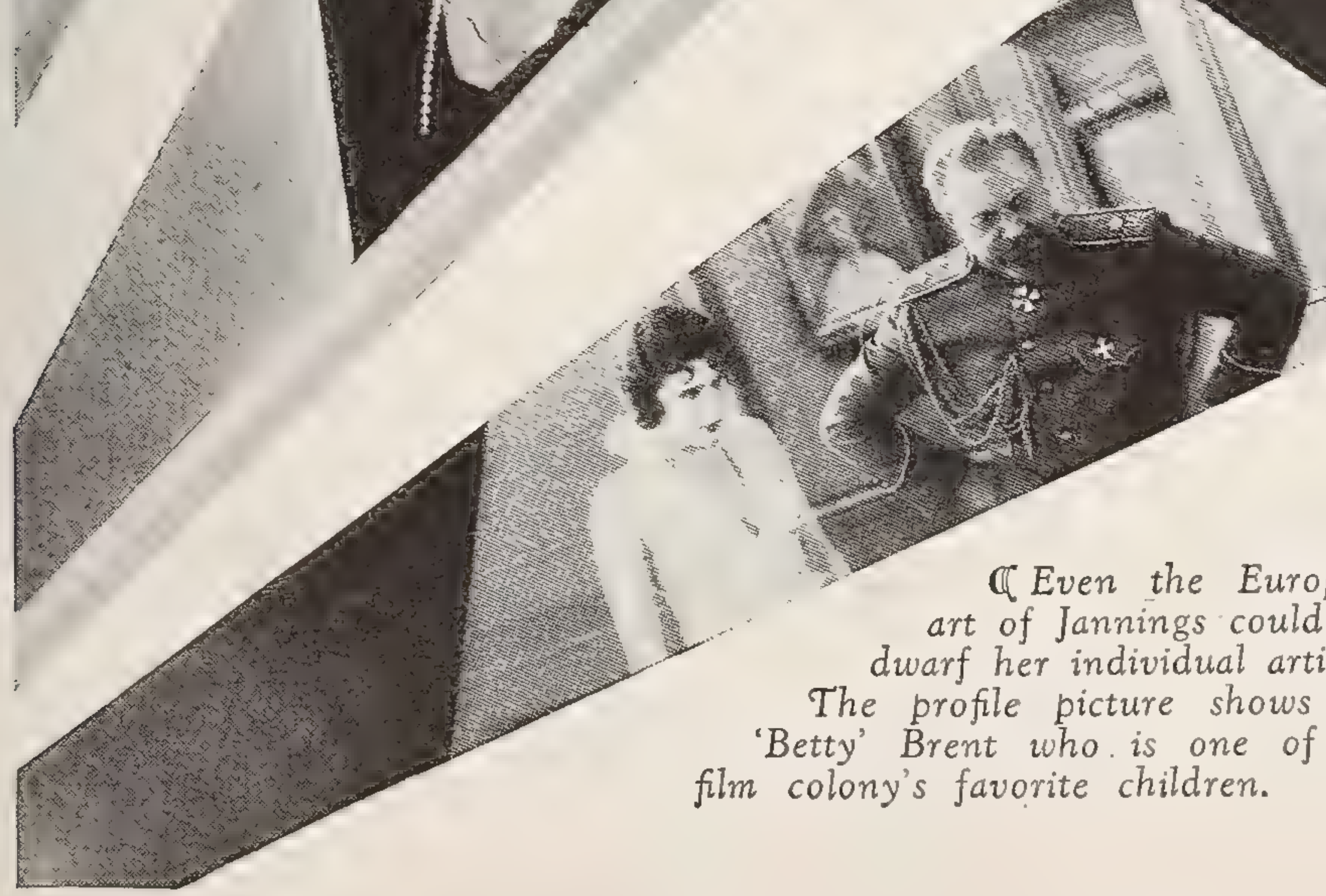
Evelyn Brent



« Evelyn Brent is a real trouper. In "Interference" she shared honors with William Powell; in "Underworld" with George Bancroft—always clever, she can be generous.



« Sombre or smiling, she challenges your interest and stimulates your imagination.



« Even the European art of Jannings could not dwarf her individual artistry. The profile picture shows the 'Betty' Brent who is one of the film colony's favorite children.

Evelyn Brent has been in line for our special applause for a long time. But it always happened that just as she was about to step into her hard-earned position as the heroine of the Honor Page—a reward coveted, if we do say it, by every artist in motion pictures—some other star rose on the horizon. There was Jannings, in "The Last Command." George Bancroft grabbed the pages for his portrayal in "Underworld" when Evelyn's performance was just as good. But here she comes as a talkie heroine to claim her own.

SCREENLAND

February
1929



DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor,
Her Page.

THE movies are growing up. It does look that way, doesn't it? Well, let's see.

Consider George Bernard Shaw who, having fallen very hard for himself in Movietone, is said to have agreed to permit Madame Pola Negri to enact Cleopatra in a film version of his play, "Caesar and Cleopatra." If true, it will be the first Shavian drama to reach the screen.

No less than three productions based on Negro life and character are being filmed. A year or so ago, no producer would have dared. Today, it's being done, done, done!

In New York City, a four-screen theatre is being built. The first of its kind in the world, it will be an amazing structure, in which films can be projected simultaneously on four screens. The whole theatre, in fact, is to be one huge, four-sided screen. (I didn't dream it. It's happening *now*.) The motion picture itself, they say, can be thrown on all four screens at once so that the audience will feel itself an actual part of the drama being unrolled. Suppose a war picture is the program. The spectator will see long lines of camions winding down the side screen, and air battles being fought over his head on the ceiling screen—while hero, heroine, and villain—at least, *they* won't be changed—perform their parts on the "personal" saucer-shaped screen on the stage. Enough to make an old-fashioned fan dizzy? But wait a minute! This new-fangled theatre

is being built to feature the Motion Picture—not to show off vaudeville acts and jazz orchestras. That isn't so crazy, is it?

And let me tell you the rest of it: the interior of this theatre is so designed that it can be transformed in a flash to suit the setting of the picture—from a night-club to a newspaper office; from the heroine's drawing-room to the adventurer's underworld. I can't understand it myself—but it sounds wonderful!

And then—now here's why I love the movies! They will be quaint; they will be defiant and different!

They sign Dorothy Parker, one of America's most famous humorous writers, to do dialogue. Great! But what do you suppose her first assignment is said to have turned out to be? "Madame X!" Madame won't know herself.

And Robert Benchley. You met Mr. Benchley in his incomparable "Treasurer's Report" and "Sex Life of the Polyp." Well, it seems—I don't know how true it is, so don't quote me—it seems that the other day he devised another humorous classic, based on the adventures of a home man fixing the furnace. What was his amazement, according to advices, when having turned in his story he received the following wire from the producer: "Can't you put a little sex into it?"

A fan's a fan, no matter where he sits. In New York he waits in line to loll in the luxurious loges of the palatial Paramount or the comfortable Capitol or the romantic Roxy. In a little movie theatre in Wisconsin with old-fashioned wooden seats he brings his own cushion—and likes it!

Have YOU been wired for sound yet?

TICKETS NOW SELLING FOR
GRAND OPENING!
 NEW MOVIE!



The BIG NIGHT

TONIGHT's the night! Come along to the grand movie opening—stupendous, amazing, spectacular first night of a new film. You'll see stars, more than there are in heaven! You'll see them roll up to the door of the picture palace in their motor cars; you'll see them step out to face the camera batteries and the flash-lights and the crowd. You'll watch them, one by one—or even two by two—speak a few words into the microphone when they are introduced. You'll love it. Above is an impression of one movie opening, that of "Interference" in Los Angeles. But it is like them all—bright lights, color, crowds. Here are Theodore Roberts, the grand old movie man, with the Vaughn sisters; Bebe Daniels, escorted by Joseph Schenck; Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin; Fay Wray; Lois Wilson, with Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton; and Dorothy Mackaill.

New Ladies for the

☞ *Bubbles of Beauty
Bursting Upon the
Screen*

☞ Doris Hill has
Jack Holt mak-
ing love to her
in pictures and
all the men in
the audience
feeling like it.

☞ Nora Lane — little,
lovely, and Irish.
She was discovered
first by Frances
Marion—and later
by all the movie
fans. (Left)

☞ Mary Duncan, to
the lower right,
made Broadway
audiences gasp.
Now she is elec-
trifying the Fox
lot.

☞ Carlotta King brings a big-time
voice to the Warner Brothers
pictures—and that's not all.

WHO to woo? That's the big question in Hollywood now—and all the time. Hollywood is always looking for variety. New faces for our cameras—new voices for our microphones—new leading men—and new girls to love. Especially new girls to love. You can't blame the boys of the screen colony for demanding a change now and then. They want new girl friends in their new pictures—and who are we to stop them?

In fact, we'll be broad-minded and call some new girls to their attention. Consider Carlotta King. She is all set to make some leading man very, very happy. She makes her debut on the screen as the golden-voiced sweetheart of John Boles in "The Desert Song."

Hollywood Lovers

¶ *New Kissees for the Close-up Champions.*

¶ *Helen Twelvetrees: nineteen, born in Brooklyn, stage experience. Acting and talking in "The Ghost Talks"—very nice, too.*

¶ *Mona Rico started out in pictures as 'The girl with the pretty hands.' Then they discovered the rest of her.*



THEN there is Doris Hill. Five feet, two and a half inches of titian-haired, blue-eyed loveliness, Doris has arrived as Jack Holt's leading lady in "Avalanche." And Nora Lane! She played opposite Fred Thomson, and now you'll be seeing her as the heroine of "Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City." Mary Duncan—ah, there's a lady to love! Well-known on the Broadway stage, Mary is making even more friends in the movies—as the torrid mama of "4 Devils" and the love interest in "Our Daily Bread" with Charles Farrell. Little Helen Twelvetrees is in "The Ghost Talks." Helen talks, too. Mona Rico plays with John Barrymore in "King of the Mountains." A Lubitsch discovery, this Mexican beauty. Dorothy Janis is playing with Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan." Maid to love!

¶ *Dorothy Janis' ancestors were Indians. That may be the reason she specializes in scalps.*

Mysteries of Hollywood

WHAT Happens to Your Favorite Story or Play in its Screen Adaptation? Often It Emerges with No Resemblance to the Original. You Must Have Wondered What Accidents Befell It in its Journey from the Printed Page or the Stage to the Screen. Another Mystery of the Movies is Here Explained to You.

By Rob Wagner

HOLLYWOOD's classical wheeze regarding 'adaptations' runs as follows: John Fox, accompanied by a friend, went to see the screen version of his novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." When it was all over the friend turned to Fox and said: "John, the only thing left of your story is the pine!" "Yes," replied the bewildered author, "and that's a redwood!"

John was an optimist. He was lucky that it wasn't a mulberry bush. Queerer changes than that have happened when an immortal work comes forth from the crucible of the cinema.

Why? Well, you've asked something regarding which the heaviest brick-bats have been hurled at Hollywood. But as Hollywood apparently hasn't the time nor inclination to explain the reasons, I'll unravel the mystery for you.

Let's take an extreme case.

Supposing you, dear, hopeful reader, write an immortal work, and straightway sell it to a picture company for a fat check. Naturally you expect to see your story on the screen. And quite as naturally the studio intended it to be as faithful to your story as the vicissitudes of the game permit. But, oh, the vicissitudes!

Supposing, for instance, you have written an Alaskan story, the big punch of which takes place in a blizzard. But suppose the Studio's program compelled them to set the shooting schedule for August. Alas, there isn't any snow in August! Well, says the Production Office, there's only one thing to do—make it a desert story. "Outrageous!" you cry. But is it outrageous? What sold them your story? Plot and characterizations. Well, plot is plot, and

characters react to dramatic situations the same in one kind of weather as in another. A man can get just as jealous of his wife whether she be making love on a sand-dune or a snow-drift.

Your next shock will be the cast. You have visualized Ramon Novarro as your hero. But, another alas!—Ramon is not on contract to your particular studio. And if he is, maybe he's not available. But Victor MacLaglen is! (Just to use Vic as an example). In fact, Vic has been drawing a huge salary for six weeks and he simply must be put to work. No director ever found all the people he would like to have in his cast available at one and the

same time. It's easy to describe your characters exactly as you wish them in a novel, but just try to match them up for a screen production.

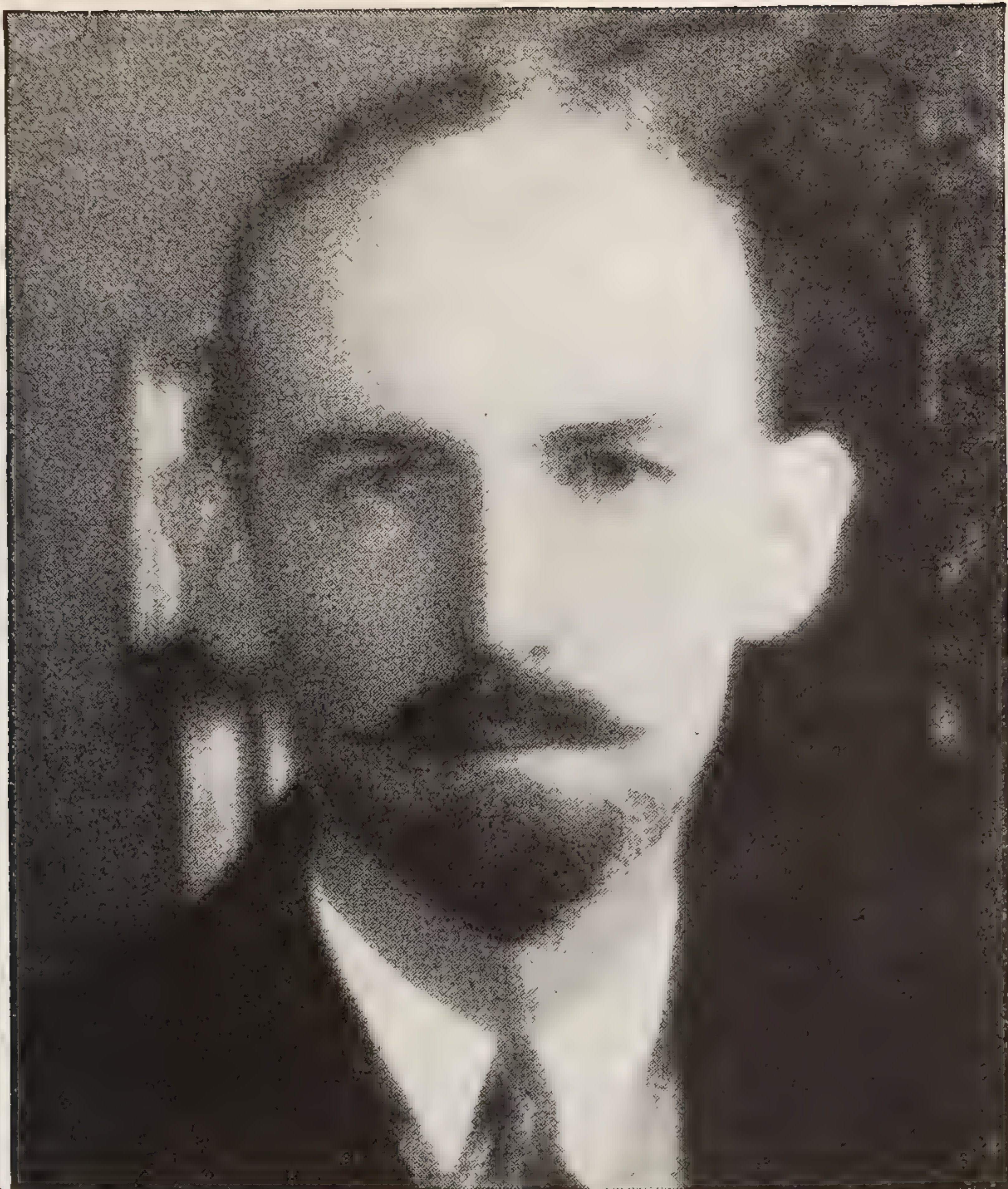
Quite correctly you had picked out Dolores Costello as your heroine, and she certainly would have fitted the part. But August will find Dolores in a studio in Cuba shooting a sizzling Spanish story, perhaps. Greta Garbo! Now Greta and Vic are miles away from the stars you had selected for your immortal story, but I ask you, as man to man—or man to girl, as the case may be—if Vic and Greta won't make a snappy team. You must think of 'box-office' in such matters!

Furthermore, as good as your plot is, you've neglected two important things—you've no comedy relief and you've no pets. That's bad. But the Scenario Department can help you out by writing in a part for Louise Fazenda and ringing in a basket of kittens. Louise and the kittens will no doubt surprise you, but they'll help to put over your immortal work.

They start to shoot. Now look out for 'vicissitudes'! Who



☞ Portrait of a Contented Author—Very Rare! Kenyon Nicholson wrote a Broadway hit, "The Barker." First National bought it for the movies, and the screened results more than satisfied Mr. Nicholson. He said: "I have never seen a film so faithful to its original." Is this the millennium?



¶ An exception to the rule that authors are always disgruntled when they see screen versions of their books is S. S. Van Dine, who wrote the sensation-ally successful "Canary Murder Case." Paramount's filmization of his book pleased Mr. Van Dine.



¶ Is it possible—still another? Yes! Bartlett Cormack wrote "The Racket," which scored a success on Broadway. He was delighted with the movie version of his play—so much so that he is now engaged in writing movies himself.

could have foreseen, for instance, that big, husky Vic couldn't stand up against Greta in the love scenes? But he hasn't a chance. You had written a man's story, but after seeing the rushes the order comes down from the High Executives to play away from Vic and build up Greta. It is now a woman's story

Oh, well, the plot is safe, and that's the important thing. But wait!

Ten reels of stuff now go to the cutting-room to be reduced to approximately feature length. The whole staff views it first in about eight reels, and to their consternation several of the scenes essential to the plot don't click. Why? Nobody knows; or else everybody has a different reason. Perhaps they weren't shot right; or maybe they are in the wrong place; or maybe the tempo is too fast or slow. Queer!—the stuff read fine, but it doesn't get over in pantomime. And don't think this case is too extreme. It happens to the biggest and best directed productions. Scenes that cost fortunes, and that everybody from the author to the Big Boss had bet on, die ingloriously at the first preview. Tinkering, or even reshooting, may save them; then again it may not. If it doesn't—out they come!

"Comes the dawn!"—or in other words the titling. And here is where the plot has to be alibied, or, alas, fundamentally changed.

Yet there is still hope. Especially in this case, for it is discovered that Louise Fazenda has stolen the picture—not an unusual thing for Louise to do. All right. This is no time for squeamishness; two hundred thou-

sand dollars is at stake! Cut Greta down and save every foot of Louise!

Your Alaskan drama has now become a comedy! Obviously therefore your main title, "Frozen Passion," will not do. It is changed to "Tarantula Tillie."

Then on a fateful night you go to the Superba to see your story on the screen. You are aghast. You fail to find even the mulberry bush!

But remember this, dear, hopeful reader—and writer—that you got a nice fat check, and you have been given screen credit for one of the best comedies of the year. Better far that you take your bows and leave brickbats to the checkless and creditless.

And while you are remembering, remember this—*It is an intellectual and a physical impossibility to predetermine the finished motion picture!*

You'll show us that it can be done? You'll come out with a million dollars and show those bone-heads up? Don't! Hollywood is littered with the remains of indignant authors who endeavored to shoot their stories as they had written them.

"Hollywood is littered with the remains of indignant authors who endeavored to shoot their stories as they had written them."

"It is an intellectual and a physical impossibility to predetermine the finished motion picture."

Lubitsch comes closest to performing such phenomena. But even Lubitsch anticipates his changes before shooting. Furthermore, he is a genius.

On the other hand, Charlie Chaplin never knows whither his stories will go or how they will end. And he's a genius, too.

Figure it out on a paper pad—preferably a pad of fool's cap!

How to Get

Just to Show She's Big-
on Robert Castle, the New
About Women From Clara

*Exclusive Photographs
for SCREENLAND by
Eugene Robert Richee.*



*W*HEN he passes,
Straight and tall,



*D*ROP your bag—just
Let it fall!

SCREENLAND, with a
low, deep bow, acknowl-
edges indebtedness to
Miss Clara Bow and
her assistant, Mr. Rob-
ert Castle, for these
especially-posed photo-
graphs.



*W*HEN he hastens
To your aid—



*I*t's just so much
Marmalade!



Your Man!

Hearted, Clara Bow Practices her Wiles
Leading Man from Vienna, Who Learns
in no Time at All. Girls, Gather 'Round!

LET the It Girl, Clara Bow,
Show you what you all should know:
How to snare the male you like
While you're on your morning hike.
Study every move she makes
Carefully, then get the breaks.
View every picture, left to right—
And you'll make a date tonight!

ARMS entwine you—
Rather quaint!



Now's the time to
Seem to faint—

FOLLOW Clara's little plan
And you'll surely Get your Man!



Those

By

Grace Kingsley

SCREENLAND'S PARTY REPORTER

☞ Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, Virginia Cherrill, used to be a Chicago society girl. Now she adds zest to the Hollywood social round.

Now I ask you—anybody who will walk down fifty stone steps and then back again, just to greet a guest, is a real host, isn't he?

That's what Mervyn Le Roy did for us when Patsy, Dr. Howard Updegraff — who makes movie people's faces over for them—and I went up to Mervyn's house to a party which he and his lovely wife, Edna Murphy, were giving in their picturesque home on the side of a Hollywood hill.

Mervyn told us all about how to park our car and just how to climb those fifty stone steps set in the upright lawn, without stubbing our toes and falling into the fountain. Of course there were a lot of lights, so that we probably shouldn't have fallen into the fountain anyway, but Mervyn's attention all goes to show how very, very nice he is.

The house is built in the Spanish town-house style, but the rooms are not too large to give the impression of cosiness and hominess.

Sweet Edna Murphy greeted us at the hospitably lighted door, and though we were a little early we found a number of people already there.

"Of course Mervyn, having been a gag man before he was a director, would just have to gag up his house a little,"

Patsy remarked, as we caught sight of a little wooden Indian, like a cigar store sign, which decorated an alcove. "It should be a statue of Shakespeare or some other highbrow."

But when Mervyn explained that it was a statue which he had brought with him from the Yosemite, where Indians carve these things, Patsy realized

☞ George O'Brien looks as if he wishes he had taken up butterfly chasing instead of movie acting. Olive Borden is such a beautiful butterfly!

☞ Below is William Collier, Jr., otherwise 'Buster,' who goes alone to picture parties now.

☞ Edna Murphy and her director-husband, Mervyn Le Roy, do their high-flying together!

☞ Left: Norman Kerry's following among his movie friends is almost as large as his fan following.



BUTTERFLIES

and Bachelor Boys

The Picture People Give Perfect Parties Because
They Know How to Play!

that no decoration could be more suitable to a Spanish house; and hid her diminished head.

That lovely young leading lady of Charlie Chaplin's, Virginia Cherrill, was almost the first person we met.

She is blonde, and Charlie told us afterward that he thinks she looks like Edna Purviance; but we didn't think so. She has a gentler expression than Edna, and is much more vivacious and friendly in her ways. We afterward saw a test of Virginia, and she has a wonderfully expressive, sweet face. She was a Chicago society girl, but like lots of society girls, she tired of that sort of thing.

It is very thrilling, the way in which she happened to meet Chaplin. She told us all about it that night.

"I had never seen any boxing contests," she explained, "and like all young girls of this generation I was dying to see one. So a man I knew invited me over to the Hollywood American Legion Stadium to see some fights. All the Hollywood girls go, and it is rather a social event. You see, I was out west visiting Sue Carol, who is an old school chum of mine, and she wanted me to have just as good a time as I could.

"You hear about these magnetic gazes, and you don't believe in them. All the same I felt somebody looking at me, and I looked around to see a man staring at me very hard. He was off at one side. I felt I had seen him. Then I realized he was Charlie Chaplin and I nearly fried in my blushes. In other words, I was fussed!

"I went again to the fights the next week, and this time Charlie sat very near me, and quite miraculously the man who had taken me knew Charlie. We were introduced, and Charlie asked me right away to come and take a test for his picture. He told me he thought I was Edna's type. Of course I was awfully thrilled, and of course I went.

"I've been out with Charlie quite a lot (Cont. on page 101)



Below: Lila Lee and Bessie Love—two of the gayest and sweetest of all the hard-working butterfly girls of screenland.



Remember Helen of Troy, whose *Private Life* was revealed to you sometime ago on the screen? Well, here's Helen herself—really Maria Corda—above, who has come back to Hollywood pictures and parties after an absence in Europe.



Barry Norton is one of film-dom's most popular bachelors. He's from the Argentine and he dances a devastating tango.

SUE

Q The question you must answer: Should Sue Carol play opposite boys like Nick Stuart or men of the world like Lew Cody? Why do you think so?

Q Sue looks, acts, and is nineteen. Do you think she should play with the younger boys or with sophisticated men like Lew Cody, Rod La Rocque, or maybe John Gilbert? You select the man and Sue will try to do the rest.

Q Sue Carol wearing the smart cabachon-cut real carnelian necklace and bracelet, mounted in sterling silver with a flower design, which she offers to you for a letter.

SUE CAROL'S fan mail is getting heavier and heavier. Which means that the fans like her. And Sue appreciates it. She *actually* does. So in her best collegiate manner she asked if she could thank her fans through SCREENLAND'S contest department. Did SCREENLAND say No? NO! Right.

Sue offers this smart cabachon-cut real carnelian necklace and bracelet. It is mounted in sterling silver, dull-gold plated, and has a flower design. Just the thing for the Junior Prom, Senior Hop or what have you? You can have it if you write the best letter answering her question about whom she should play opposite.

We all know Nick Stuart is really her 'Big Moment.' She plays with him in "Chasing Through Europe."

In "The Air Circus" Sue had both Arthur Lake and David Rollins. And they were a cute trio, too.

Douglas MacLean was her crush in "Soft Cushions."

Remember Hugh Trevor in "Beau Broadway," or could you care for Richard Walling? Sue played with him in "Walking Back."

CAROL *Offers You* *Her Carnelian Necklace* *and Bracelet*

For the Best Letter from a Fan

☞ Sue Carol is the cuddly type. She collects French dolls, bulldogs and hearts.

SUE CAROL hasn't been in pictures very long but look at the rapid progress she has made. Sue is grateful for her success and to show her appreciation she offers this lovely gift to you. Sue is sorry she didn't get something more general—something for both boys and girls. The necklace and bracelet sets are 'quite the thing' this season and Sue, being very modern, selected them. However, the contest is open to all. Sue says, "If a boy writes the best letter he gets the gift. He can give it to his mother, sister or the girl-friend."

Write the best letter—that is, the cleverest and clearest—answering Sue's question, and you may win the gift.

Address:—SUE CAROL
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York City
Contest closes February 10, 1929

☞ Sue Carol's necklace and bracelet will be awarded to the writer of the best letter answering Sue's question. By 'best letter' is meant the clearest and cleverest.



Marriage Problems

By Helen Ludlam

LOVE is the basis of all things. Love is the motive power that stirs every living thing into being, and without some phase of it there could not be a world.

They say the reason there is trouble when Cupid hurls his dart is that Man, generic Man, feels his incompleteness and resents it. Which is perhaps near the truth. Certainly we are not tempted if we do not feel the need of anything. Is the most delicious food tempting to a man who has already dined well?

People raise scandalized brows over the divorces of Hollywood, but until they can truthfully point to their own lives as perfect I don't think they can with any dignity criticize a situation they know nothing whatever about.

As a matter of fact I think Hollywood tries as hard as any other community to make a go of marriage. Hollywood may have more difficulties to overcome — more temptations. Although most of the players I talked with

don't admit those difficulties, those dangers.

One day I asked Gloria Swanson why she thought film marriages were harder to live through successfully than those outside the film circle. Gloria rose and walked almost the length of the room before she turned and faced me with blazing eyes. The question had been bolted from a clear sky and I could see that she was deeply moved by it. Though when she spoke her voice was calm enough. "For one who knows nothing about it I should say that film marriages are not harder to make successful than other marriages."

"But the separations—the temptations," I said.

"If there is an actor alive who is separated from his wife more than doctors are from their wives, or who is more uncertain of his time, I'd like to meet him. Then look at sailors, and traveling salesmen and big business men! As for the irregular hours—if you are not married to a madman he would

☞ Gloria Swanson's third matrimonial venture with the Marquis de la Falaise—otherwise "Hank"—is as happy as they look here.

☞ Below: Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, who manage to be happy though married and movie stars. Next, Clive Brook and his pretty English wife. She's not in pictures.



o f t h e S T A R S

¶ *It is Harder to be Happily Married in Hollywood Than Anywhere Else. But It Can Be Done!*

know that as a business woman his wife's first duty was to her business. If it calls her at a time when she had planned a day of recreation with her husband it has to be forgotten—just as a wife understands, or should understand, that her husband can't help her buy a new bonnet if unexpected and urgent business claims his attendance at the office.

"I was divorced twice and I'm glad I was. There was a lot I had to learn and a lot they had to learn, but I'm not going to be divorced a third time. Hank and I understand each other." ('Hank' being the name Gloria is privileged to call the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray.)

"My husband, being a Frenchman, has a much saner viewpoint of the marriage relation and a better comprehension of how to keep love than the average American. I respect it tremendously. I think there are two things essential in marriage: trust and tolerance. No, there is an important third.

Congeniality.

"As for the slave chain some men and women lash around their mates with regard to the companionship of other men and women—to me there is something indecent in it. As though sex was all there was to marriage! It may form the fundamental reason for its consummation, but oh, it is such a very small part of what a marriage should be!

"Twice a year Hank has to go to France. The last time I traveled back alone from New York after seeing him off, a newspaper woman met me at the train in Chicago. 'Oh,' she said, 'Did you know that your husband took Peggy Hopkins Joyce to the theatre the other night? Aren't you jealous?' Of course I wasn't jealous. Do I expect him to spend all his time alone or entirely with other men? Not any more than I would expect to shut myself up just because our business separated us for a few months. And naturally he would take a woman of our world. But

¶ *One of America's most famous married couples: the Dempseys. Jack and Estelle Taylor co-star on the stage as well as at home.*

¶ *Below: Wally Beery believes a wife's place is in the home and Mrs. Beery agrees with him. They're happy! Corinne Griffith and her manager-husband, Walter Morosco, are soul and sail mates.*



said Corinne. "No matter how brightly I shine it never could dim my husband's glory, for he has no ambitions as an actor. And no matter how big a business man he becomes it won't make me feel that I must look to my own laurels or be lost in reflected glory. We work together on the same picture, our hours are the same, our companions are the same and our interests are the same. We have a better chance for happiness than many couples and we are very grateful."

Corinne's is an exceptional case. But not all Hollywood marriages are as easy to adjust. There are Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Both are actors. Both are successful and charming. Both are popular. They have a few tastes in common and they diverge on some things. Eddie loves sports and Lilyan hates them. They both love music and books and both like to entertain. Such are the requirements of their profession, however, that entertainment is often impossible, or possible only if they care to chance embarrassing situations.

During the days when Edmund was making "What Price Glory" a formal dinner was to be given. Invitations had gone out well in advance and not all the guests were picture people. The dinner hour arrived and with it the guests, but the host was

conspicuous by his absence. Ten minutes late he stalked in, an incongruous figure in the brilliant room, and it *was* brilliant, for I happen to know that Lilyan is one Hollywood lady who is also a correct hostess. In the midst of the evening array of the guests stood their host, breathless but not at all abashed. He had on a pair of torn army pajamas over which he had thrown an army overcoat. His face was covered with mud and powder stains. His shoes were in the same condition. During the course of the afternoon it had been decided that the company work a greater part of the night so that the sequence could be finished up. It had been difficult for Eddie to come home at all. He couldn't wash up, because then the evening scenes would not match up with the afternoon scenes and he had only half an hour. He begged to be allowed to eat in the kitchen but no one would hear of it. And long before dinner was over the host was on his way back to the studio. Of course it was hard for Lilyan to carry off such a situation for there were some raised eyebrows among

the uninitiated; but John and Lionel Barrymore, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, who were guests, stepped in and helped their hostess in explanations and smoothing things out.

Adolphe Menjou thinks when both husband and wife are in pictures it is easier because each has had a day of activity and won't feel cheated if the other is tired and wants to stay at home in the evening.

Estelle Taylor thinks there is an art in making a success of any marriage, on the screen or off, and at the same time for each to retain his individuality, which she thinks the most important thing in the world for anyone to do.

"Once you put yourself under the domination of another personality you cease growing yourself. No one should do that. Each should have freedom. Jack's life and mine are crammed with perfectly hectic happenings. Perhaps not all couples could survive it but we both love excitement and we love one another.

"At first Jack wanted me to leave the screen and I tried to, but the strength of his personality was too great. I felt crushed and stifled and knew if I couldn't find some self-expression that I would become bitter and resentful and that we would part. Jack was a dear when I told him about it and he let me work again. (Cont. on page 94)

what could I say? It simply would not have been believed or it would have been twisted, so I replied, merely, 'I am on my way to California.'"

As everyone knows, Richard Barthelmess recently married outside of filmland. But Richard thought it would be pretty tough for a brand-new wife to have him go off on location for several weeks, leaving her entirely alone.

Dick was doing "Scarlet Seas" at Catalina, but on the opposite side of the Island from the village of Avalon and the comfortable St. Catherine Hotel. The road between the two places was impassable, three cars having broken down in an attempt to make the trip. The tents at the Isthmus which were all that housed the company, were over-run with ants. It was just at that season of the year when it was impossible to keep them out. They were in the beds, on all the furniture, all over one's clothes. Anyway, it was no place to take a lady with the idea of giving her a good time. Almost on the point of giving it up Dick bethought him of his yacht 'Pegasus,' and the day was saved. 'Pegasus' was anchored a mile from shore and the new Mrs. Barthelmess found out what it was like to be 'on location.'

Corinne Griffith was determined not to marry a man inside the profession. She had, she thought, seen too many couples go on the rocks because of professional jealousy. When she met Walter Morosco he had given up producing plays and had gone into the plumbing business. However, the drama was his first love, and married to a woman who was a part of it, it wasn't long before he felt compelled to step into it again. He has turned down several offers to direct so that he can supervise Corinne's pictures. And now Corinne doesn't know how she got on without him. She fights her own battles, but perhaps she feels a little more secure knowing that her husband is back of her should she need help.

"In our case professional jealousy is almost impossible,"



¶ When the bride is as beautiful and charming as Mrs. Jessica Sargent Barthelmess, marriage, even in Hollywood, is a pipe.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
LUPE VELEZ and GARY COOPER
in "Wolf Song"

Sweetheart Time

Hold On to Your Hearts!



Raquel Torres believes that motion pictures should have more heart interest.

Dolores Brinkman is just a sweet, big-hearted girl—especially on St. Valentine's Day.

in Hollywood

All Photographs Posed Expressly for SCREENLAND by Ruth Harriet Louise.



Joan Crawford:
"Here's winking
at you!" Why,
Joan!

Have a heart, Raquel!
"Thanks," retorts Miss
Torres. "I have one."
Just a quaint old
Mexican custom!

Dolores Brinkman is
all a-quiver pinch-hit-
ting for Cupid. Cupe
is the busiest boy in
all Hollywood.





Ruth Harriet Louise

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, former Alabama football star, was chosen from all the heroes in Hollywood to play in "Coquette."



Ruth Harriet Louise

DON'T call her a dancing girl! Now that she has risen from the cinema chorus Joan Crawford is dignified and dramatic.



Russell Ball

WHILE other actresses have been worrying, Alice Joyce has been playing on the stage, in training for the talkies. Wise Alice!



White

A NEW movie girl? No—sorry! Georgia Warren prefers painting stars' portraits for SCREENLAND'S covers.



The
COVER GIRL
Which is She?
is HERE!



Ⓒ \$500.00 for you if you name correctly the masked motion picture actress on the cover and state the basis of your conviction.

Ⓒ *The Question: Who is the Masked Motion Picture Actress on the Cover of Screenland? Her picture is included among the twenty-five on the opposite page. Georgia Warren, our cover artist, painted her portrait from life. Identify her. \$500.00 to the Winner.*

HOW well do you know your movies? SCREENLAND wants to find out! Look well at the girl on the February cover, outside. Who is she? Name her correctly, and write a letter, brief and to the point, giving your reasons for identification.

In other words: who is she and why do you think so?

What is the basis of your identification? What particular qualities caused you to recognize her? Her smile? Her type of beauty? Just what? The cleverest: that is, the most original and interesting—letter accompanying the correct name of the motion picture actress on the cover will win the \$500.00 prize.

She is well-known in motion pictures. She has been on the screen long enough for all movie-goers to know and like her. She is a splendid actress, a charming personality, and has had a distinguished career. She sat for the cover portrait to Georgia Warren. It is a life-like portrait. She says so herself. Consider her carefully. Consult the opposite page, where her picture is included among twenty-five other motion picture actresses. Then get to work!

The contest letters will be judged by Miss Georgia Warren, SCREENLAND's Cover Artist, who painted the portrait of the masked motion picture actress, and thus is better able to judge the merits of the contesting letters than anyone else. No member of SCREENLAND's staff is permitted to compete. Address: The Cover Contest Editor, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York. Contest closes February 10, 1929.

Ⓒ *The portrait painter, Georgia Warren, tantalizingly invites you to look across at the opposite rotogravure page and find the face of the star who posed for the masked cover.*

One of the Girls on the Opposite Page is The Cover Girl!

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Mary Brian | 9. Aileen Pringle | 18. Pola Negri |
| 2. Leatrice Joy | 10. Corinne Griffith | 19. Renee Adoree |
| 3. Dolores Del Rio | 11. Madge Bellamy | 20. Gloria Swanson |
| 4. Lupe Velez | 12. Estelle Taylor | 21. Sue Carol |
| 5. Joan Crawford | 13. Florence Vidor | 22. Irene Rich |
| 6. Bebe Daniels | 14. Marceline Day | 23. Mary Astor |
| 7. Norma Talmadge | 15. Marian Nixon | 24. Sally O'Neil |
| 8. Evelyn Brent | 16. Patsy Ruth Miller | 25. Raquel Torres |
| | 17. Billie Dove | |

In New



(Above: Vilma Banky arriving in New York to make location scenes. Center, Hedda Hopper, who is in a new stage play; and Richard Dix, back to the Broadway he loves!



Old New York Feels Young When

By

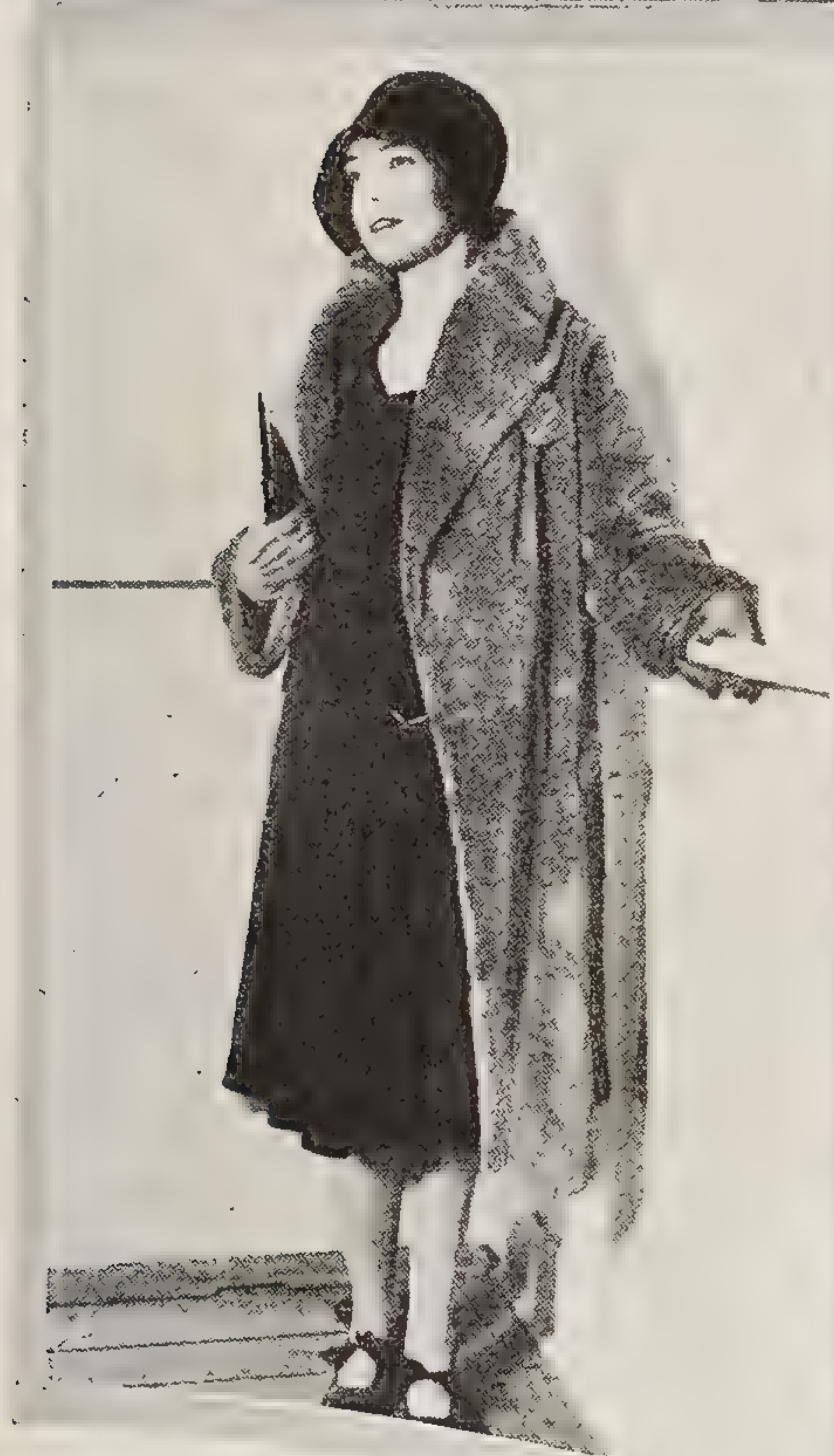
WELL, look who's here! Where? Why, on the side-walks of New York. Over there—coming up out of the subway. Can it be? Yes—it is. It's Vilma Banky!

But we're the only ones in on the secret. Hundreds of New Yorkers jostled and pushed the pretty little blonde girl and not one of them guessed she was a famous motion picture actress. For all they knew she was just one of the many working girls wending their way to office and shop every morning. It was part of the plot for her to look like a humble wage-earner rather than a high-salaried screen star. And in the cause of art she trudged the streets and passed up and down subway steps, and posed on brown-stone stoops, and pushed her way through crowds, while concealed cameras ground the story into reels and reels of Samuel Goldwyn film.

Vilma enjoys her work. She's a conscientious artist, and a painstaking trouper. She'd work for hours at a stretch, if necessary, to secure a successful 'shot.' But she admitted to me she did get tired of waiting for the sun to come out! I regret to report that New York exhibited its worst weather side to the Banky troupe. Director Alfred Santell and his assistants would leave their hotels early in the morning and often spend the entire day with the cameras 'set up' and the star waiting—while the sun stubbornly stayed behind a cloud and sulked.

Vilma likes her new part. It is a change from princesses and helpless heroines of medieval romance. It is really her first chance to play an American girl—and since she is an American girl herself, now that she is married to Rod La Rocque, she welcomes it. Incidentally, Vilma is such a good little American that she is going to take

York



☞ Above: Lillian Gish returning from a long visit to Europe. Center, sister Dorothy Gish, who's a hit on the stage. Bert Lytell is rehearsing for the 'legit.'

It Sees So Many Screen Stars!

Anne Bye

out naturalization papers on her own, so that she will be doubly sure of being one of us!

She's a nice girl. I'll bet Rod missed her while she was away.

* * *

Lillian Gish returned from a long sojourn in Germany. Lillian is one of the most romantic figures in our movies. She is picturesque; she is always doing interesting things, such as being reported engaged to George Jean Nathan of the intelligentsia; or spending six months in an old castle in Salzburg, the guest of Max Reinhardt.

Lillian met almost every important personage in Europe while she was there. Reinhardt is a great man over there, and since he is to direct her for United Artists, she was received into his artistic circle. And of course Lillian Gish is celebrated in her own right. She is considered among the Europeans our foremost film actress, and when she is abroad she is feted accordingly.

The castle was as large as the Grand Central Station, Lillian reports—only the ceilings were higher! She spent much time rehearsing with Reinhardt and also supervising the designing of her costumes for the picture. I don't know exactly what that picture will be. Some say it will be "The Miracle," which Reinhardt produced on the stage. Others say it is an original screen story, written expressly for Miss Gish. Whatever it is, it will be interesting, because it will mark Max Reinhardt's first screen effort, and Lillian's first film since "The Wind."

Of course the very first thing Lillian did was to go to see her sister, Dorothy, in the stage play, "Young Love." Dorothy has scored a distinct personal hit as the heroine of the Samson Raphaelson comedy, in which her husband, James Rennie, also appears. The play is just a little bit risqué, and so all of the friends of (Cont. on page 104)



☞ The Norma Shearer Girl should "take a definite stand for simplicity around the neckline." Norma accepts his advice, and the result is her reward!

SCREENLAND presents Adrian, famous designer, as special fashion advisor. Let him solve your costume problems. Ask him questions concerning clothes. Address Adrian, SCREENLAND Fashion Department.

CLOTHES for the

The Flapper Is Passé. Norma Shearer Young Woman who has Taken her tally Alert Maid of the Moment! Adrian

What the 'Shearer Girl' Should Wear

WHAT has become of the flapper? She is as passé as the songs and dances she made famous.

With her has gone the short skirt that swung in tune to the discordant music and that displayed stockingless knees for public approval or disapproval.

Her day started in 1918 immediately following the war. Now in 1929 when the pendulum has swung back and things are more balanced, there is quietly emerging a different type of girl to take her place. This girl is mentally alert and vitally interested in solving the important questions of the day. The type of books she reads points to the keenness of her mind. She finds expression in the little theatre movement and follows the modern art of music and painting.

☞ Special drawings by Adrian of his own designs for the Norma Shearer type. A formal afternoon gown, emphasizing restraint; next, a daytime costume—informal, but sophisticated.

☞ The hostess gown, left, below, designed by Adrian for Miss Shearer is of silver fabric which gracefully clings to the body. The black-and-white leather coat is described as 'amusing' by Adrian.



SMART YOUNG GIRL

is an Ideal Example of the Smart Place: the Physically Fit and Men-Solves her Clothes Problem.

By Gilbert Adrian

This mental attitude is reflected in her clothes which emphasize simplicity and a knowledge of her own type. At first glance of her costumes, so free from affectation, one wouldn't realize that hours had been freely spent in the painstaking attention given to the blending and harmonizing of all the accessories, so in tune is the whole idea.

Norma Shearer is an ideal example of this 'smart young woman' of today. She has the sincere and fine air of the American woman whose mental qualities have been developed and whose knowledge is well directed. Sophistication is blended in an American manner which differs so much from the continental viewpoint. Her direct frankness of manner is reflected throughout her wardrobe from her smart pajamas to her most formal gowns.

Yes — she represents the ideal 'American girl.' She might be classified as the true 'sports' type, except that that would do an injustice to one-half her personality, for she is as mentally alert as she is physically so. She represents the American girl at her most charming best: a

Style Credo of the Norma Shearer Type:

1. See that your clothes are wearable, fashioned along lines that allow freedom of movement.
2. Eschew a too obvious character of daintiness and languorousness in costumes.
3. Place a taboo on fancy jewelry and fussy accessories.
4. Choose evening gowns and wraps of a distinct formality.
5. Exercise restraint in formal afternoon gowns.
6. Choose clothes that have grace rather than pep; charm, rather than an exotic quality.
7. Take a definite stand for simplicity around the neckline.
8. Wear small, close-fitting hats, rather than the drooping, picturesque kind.
9. Take care not to add a flower, a piece of jewelry, or a bow or ruffle too much to your costume.
10. Adopt simplicity, in other words—but see to it that it is a distinct and sophisticated simplicity.

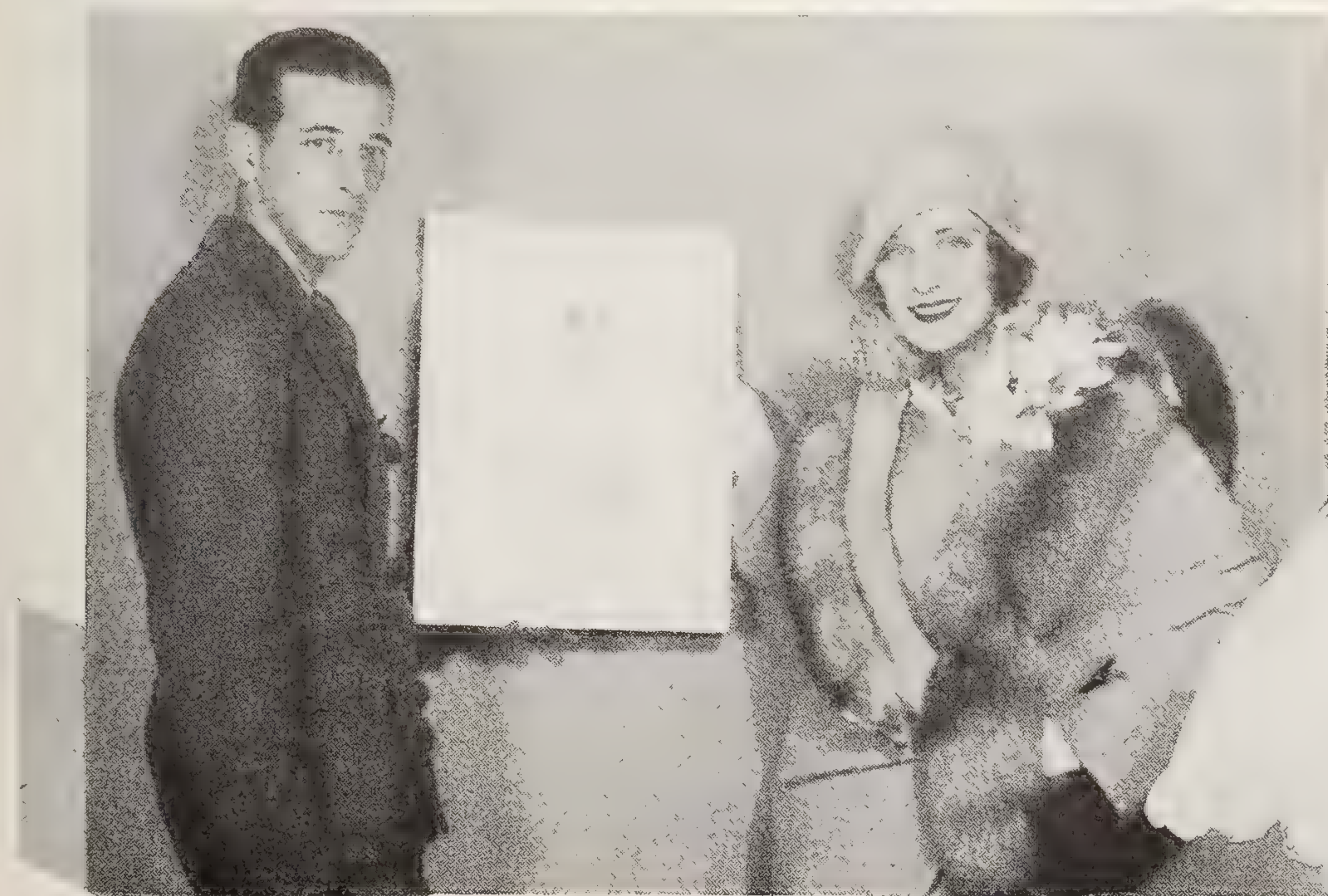
product, highly developed, of feminine charm indigenous to this continent and this age. As such she has a host of sisters.

If the American girl would make the most of her appearance, aid and abet her personality by the mode of her dress—and it is no longer necessary to set forth to the modern woman, a set of arguments as to why she owes it to herself to appear at her best—she can do

(Cont. on page 112)

☞ The picture below shows Gilbert Adrian, famous fashion designer, and Norma Shearer, whom he has selected as the 'Smart Young American Woman,' discussing clothes for SCREENLAND.

☞ At the right: Adrian sketches an evening gown for the Norma Shearer Girl. "The gown," he says, "of a young lady who thinks!"



¶ The Story of
Four Pennsyl-
vania Boys
Who Became
Magnates of
the Movies.



¶ A scene from
Al Jolson's pic-
ture, "The Jazz
Singer," that started
the talkie craze.

THE ROMANCE

By

THE telephone gave one long ring. The soft-eyed mother, standing over the hot kitchen stove with a heavy pot of noodle soup suspended from her hands, listened. Their telephone was on a party line so maybe it wasn't for them, after all. Their signal was three longs and two shorts. She didn't like to talk over that telephone. These new inventions were all right, but she liked the old way best.

Two more long rings sounded, then two shorts.

"Answer that telephone, Albert," she said to the second of her twelve children as she shifted the soup to a nearby table and started to ladle it out into thick white plates. "Your papa is hungry and I don't want him to wait any

longer for his Mittag-Brot."

"All right, mama," Albert answered immediately and walked towards the old-fashioned wall telephone—a big six-footer of twenty-two with steady blue eyes and a deep, calm voice. "Hello," he said, and then stopped short as a volcano of words poured into his ear.

It was a pleasant day in late May but the lingering coolness of a Pennsylvania spring made the kitchen cozy and *gemütlich*. At least that's what the boys and their father thought as they waited for the noon-day soup.

"Mama manages *wonderschoen*," Benjamin, the father considered as he dried his leather-stained hands on the coarse white towel. And wonderfully did she manage!

No matter how the family finances stood, the pretty, plump mother always had the good fire in the stove and the good soup in the pot and the clean checked table cloth on the old oak table. Benjamin gave his hands a final wiping and reached for his *Yarmiki*, a sort of black cap which Orthodox Jews wear in the Synagogue and at meal time, and placed it on his head. As he looked at the long table it struck him a little sad to think that only five children were home now where twelve used to be. But Milton was away pitching ball for the Cleveland team. Several of the girls had married—as girls will. And one was working in another town.

The father leaned over and touched his son Sam who was reading near the stove: "Come, son, our



¶ Major Albert Warner



¶ H. M. Warner



Walter Frederick Seely

JACK MULHALL is not only handsome, he is a good actor. And not only that, he has a sense of humor. Irish? Sure!



Eugene Robert Richee

IT'S one thing to be a great director's discovery. It's quite another to carry on. Fay Wray, von Stroheim's 'find,' is really arriving.



Eugene Robert Richee

A NEW picture of Clara Bow? Wrong! Dita Parlo, latest import, does resemble our red-head; but Dita has a charm all her own.



Lansing Brown

IT'S a nice Day! Marceline, who began by playing dramatic parts, now lends her grace to such fluffy roles as "The College Coquette."



Lansing Brown

ANOTHER lovely Day: Alice, who used to be a Sennett comedienne but has graduated into serious drama. She's in talkies now.



Ruth Harriet Louise

A BEAUTY from Alabama who became one of the most popular girls in Hollywood: Dorothy Sebastian, dainty and delectable.



Ruth Harriet Louise

EDDIE NUGENT brings a new brand of boyish humor to pictures. He is breezy but not bumptious—an ingratiating young man.



Max Mun Autrey

DOROTHY BURGESS, from the stage, and Warner Baxter contribute to the torrid atmosphere of the all-talker, "In Old Arizona."

Hollywood!



☞ Just a second after 'Bubbles' Stiefel, known on the screen as Betsy Lee, became Mrs. Reginald Denny. Here's happiness!

from her visit to Sweden in time, though this seems unlikely at the moment. John is to do Tolstoy's "Redemption," and it is to be an all talking picture and directed by Fred Niblo.

* * *

Lee, the adorable baby who helps make "The Singing Fool" a picture not to be missed, is getting a bunch of fan mail. His father, who is head of the Paramount printing department, says he gets between fifty and seventy-five letters a day, which is a fine record.

* * *

Almost the first question President Coolidge asked Douglas Fairbanks on his recent visit to the White House was how the producers were planning to handle the foreign market now that sound pictures were so much in vogue. It seems that American pictures, in addition to being a medium for the foreign nations to understand our slant on things, sell American cars, American clothes, American foods and other commodities, to Europe. If sound pictures cut off our European film commerce, American merchants will suffer a severe handicap and in turn their landlords, grocers and so on will so suffer. In other words, the little old pictures are a mainstay of the nation and not to be despised at all.

* * *

During the filming of the "The King of the Mountains," United Artists picture starring John Barrymore, a loca-

tion was used which had to be reached by a long winding dangerous road along the side of a mountain. Camilla Horn, Jack's leading woman, stood the torment of being driven up to location every morning, but never could be persuaded to return home by motor. "I walk on my feet," she declared, and limped into camp hours after the cars arrived.

* * *

Bill Haines and Joan Crawford are skipping through "The Duke Steps Out" with Jim Cruze directing. On location Bill thought he would do some riding during his leisure moments. He was just going good when Zam! the horse stopped short, but Bill kept on going! "Darn the luck," said Bill, ruefully picking himself up unhurt. "That's the third horse that has played such a trick on me."

* * *

"Dolores," said Michael Curtiz to Mrs. John Barrymore at the wedding reception, "I have a gift for you. It is the gift of a day for your honeymoon." And Dolores was very much touched because she knew that Mr. Curtiz must have had a difficult time arranging his schedule to meet the closing date of the picture and at the same time give her a day's freedom. Married on Saturday, the bridal couple had counted on having Sunday together. Her director's thoughtfulness added Monday as well.

* * *

Sue Carol is a very *distract* young lady these days. The most unheard of things happen to Sue.



☞ The first portrait of Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore—taken immediately after the wedding ceremony at the Beverly Hills home of the former Dolores Costello.



☞ At the studios Anita Page is a movie star; but when she goes home to that little bungalow she's just Sis. Here she is with her father, mother, and brother.

I suppose you all know that Douglas MacLean had her tied up to a five-year contract. To protect himself in case Sue was a flop Mr. MacLean had in the contract a clause which permitted him to drop her every six months if he cared to. If he wished to retain her services he stated this fact in a letter and each half year the contract was renewed. There was no opportunity for Sue to release herself, however, if she was not satisfied. Well, it seems that for some extraordinary reason Mr. MacLean forgot to renew Sue's last option which terminated while she was in Europe doing a picture for Fox. And now Sue is free and MacLean is trying to prove that he did write to her. He had demanded \$150,000. for her contract from William Fox who wanted to buy it, and Mr. Fox was on the point of paying it when it was discovered that the date of option had been overlooked by Sue's manager. Satisfying themselves that she was really free the Fox Company signed Sue to a five-year contract with a sliding scale in salary which begins at \$1500. a week. And now Sue will get her whole salary instead of the \$300. allowed her by her former manager while he reserved \$1200. for himself. That is, she will unless MacLean proves that he did write to her.

* * *

Openings in Hollywood are something to remember. At Grauman's Chinese Theatre "Noah's Ark" made its initial bow. There were incandescent lights for two blocks along either side of Hollywood Boulevard. There were lights on the tops of the surrounding buildings. The hills, half a mile back of the theatre, had bunches of coloured spots that played a rainbow of light across the heavens. Even though people had not read the papers and did not know that the Warner

Brothers' special, directed by Michel Curtiz and featuring Dolores Costello, George O'Brien, Noah Beery and Louise Fazenda, was opening that night, the brilliant display of lights would tell them that something was doing.

It seemed as though every car in the world was trying to get to the Chinese Theatre that night! The national guard was out in full force. The streets were roped off for a block on either side of the entrance and the crowd surged into every available crevice. The guest cars were provided with yellow satin ribbon badges which announced their right to be there by the words: 'Police pass this car to restricted area.' Then if you drove your own, an attendant jumped to the running board while you climbed out and faced the glare of about one hundred Kliegs. Blinded by them you groped your way past the radio announcer and into the lobby, between lines of cheering citizens. I didn't hear any cheers when I walked in but you should have heard them make whoopee over Dolores Costello who floated by on the arm of John Barrymore, and the wild cheers that went up to greet Sue Carol who came with Wallace MacDonald because Nick Stuart had not yet returned from Europe; and Belle Bennett who arrived with her director-husband Fred Windermere. Belle, wrapped from head to foot in an ermine cloak, looked more dazzling than the brightest lights. Her hair is like spun gold, her face is lovely with a radiance that only kind deeds and a sweet nature can give.

* * *

Another opening was for "Interference" the first all-talking picture offered by Paramount-Famous-Lasky. The Carthay Circle was the theatre, and an opening at that house is about the most stirring thing a newcomer can witness. The approach to the Carthay is along a boulevard bordered by flowering trees and shrubs and ornamental lights. Your car swings into the circle about fifty feet square and from the curb is a long walk under an awning to the lobby. There are the lights, the motion picture cameras, the radio announcers and the wide carpeted space that has to be traversed between the cheering fans lined up outside the ropes. There is so much space that



☞ Oh, to be a movie star! Uh-huh—especially when the a good, cold lake. Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton

a hundred thousand people could gather there—and do. They begin coming at four o'clock in the afternoon. They bring blankets and sandwiches and thermos bottle of hot coffee. Some bring camp chairs and others buy from a man who drives up with a truck load of boxes.

Little Betty Bronson seemed a great favorite. "Come this way, Betty," squealed the fans. "Just let us touch your hand!"

* * *

There is a new game in Hollywood. It is called *Kamra*, and was originated by Mrs. Tom Miranda, wife of a prominent writer here. It is a card game, and instead of the ace, king, queen, jack, ten and smaller cards it has producer, director, star, lead, cast and extra people. They play it everywhere. I was introduced to it at the home of Mrs. J. Ward Cohen, (Jackie Saunders), who is so proud of her tall, ten-year-old daughter and her wee new daughter and who is such a charming hostess. Billie Dove, Leatrice Joy, Ona Brown and Doris Arbuckle were trying to master the game and do you remember Ruth Stonehouse? Well, she was there, and sometime I may tell you how happy Ruth is making a lot of crippled children.

* * *

You know how stately and aloof Corinne Griffith is on the screen? Well, she's not like that in real life at all. She is full of sparkle and fun. She moves quickly, not languidly, and her eyes are merry. She has the trick of being the pampered star and the unaffected, laughing girl at one and the same time, which is something of an achievement. For instance, Miss Griffith's set is always encompassed by a 'box' which admits only those who have business there. Not even people working on other stages are permitted inside this box without a pass. The reason for this is that Corinne likes quiet when she works. Strange faces upset her and the less the confusion the better work she



☞ There is no kick coming from this donkey. He is so set up supporting Lupe Velez in "Wolf Song" he actually thinks he is playing the title role.

does. Then she has a tiny dressing-room on wheels with her name engraved on a brass plate on the door, which can be wheeled from set to set. It is a perfectly equipped dressing-room, with table, chairs, a couch and a light-bordered mirror. The bungalow dressing-room on the lot is quite a walk from the stages, and this simple arrangement is a great time saver and a great convenience. Out of make-up Corinne doesn't play the part of a great star. Not many players are able to have their set boxed in and a dressing-room on wheels without a battle. But Corinne doesn't battle. She just asks for things and perhaps there is something in the way she asks, or perhaps it is the spirit in which she asks, that gets it for her.

* * *

First National Studios have plenty going on and a thing or two in the offing that looks good. There is Elinor Glyn's "Man and the Moment" which will star Billie Dove, only the title will be changed to "Polobot." Polobot is a game invented by the versatile Agnes Christine Johnstone who is writing the screen story, and which will give a thrill to the picture. The idea of naming the picture "Polobot" came from George Fitzmaurice who will direct the piece. Corinne Griffith's next will be "Prisoners," by Franz Molnar. William Seiter, who did such a good job on "Happiness Ahead," will direct. Corinne toboggans the social scale from Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady" to a waitress in "Prisoners." The locale is Budapest.

* * *

The most unheard-of things are happening in Hollywood these days. All the producers are signing stage players for talkers at the rate of one a minute.



location calls for a spill from a nice, comfortable canoe into submit to scenes for "What a Night." What a life!



☞ Director Sam Taylor rehearsing Mary Pickford and Johnny Mack Brown in a love scene for "Coquette." The device above their heads is the dreaded 'mike,' nightmare of many movie actors. It holds no horrors for Mary and Johnny—they passed their voice tests 100%.

And when they get them here they don't know what to do with them! Sylvia Field was perfectly happy in "The Royal Family" which was then playing in New York. Winfield Sheehan persuaded her to sign a contract for Fox. Miss Field wanted to wait and travel to the coast with the production which was soon to go on the road, but Mr. Sheehan wouldn't hear of it. "You'll be working long before the company gets there; you must go right out." That was six months ago and Sylvia is still a lady of leisure, because the organization can't make up its mind what to put her in. In the meantime Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decide that they want her and it may develop that her first picture will be under the Metro banner. Sylvia Field is in her early twenties but for four years has played featured parts on Broadway almost steadily, and is a great favorite.

* * *

And as they sign new players and keep them waiting around—Sylvia's is only one instance—they let other screen favorites go without raising a finger to stop them. Bebe Daniels bought back the remainder of her contract with Paramount without a struggle and that company also let Louise Brooks walk off the lot. Warners

have let May McAvoy go and are boosting Edna Murphy for stellar honors in the near future. Her voice, it seems, records beautifully, and she knows her way around before the incandescents.

* * *

Paramount has signed O. P. Heggie, the English actor who has made himself so famous and so loved on our stage, to one talker with an option on his further services. The yarn will be "The Genius," an original story by one of the Yale boys who came out here recently, William N. Robson. There is a toss-up for the feminine lead between Ruth Chatterton and Lilyan Tashman, whose husky voice was a mild sensation when it was heard over the wax. 'Wax' is another new technical term.

* * *

Frederick March, a young man who has been playing in the west coast company of "The Royal Family," has been signed to play opposite Clara Bow in her next picture. It is "The Wild Party" and Warner Fabian, who wrote "Flaming Youth," is the author. Mr. March will also appear in "The Dummy," an all-talking picture which will be directed by Robert Milton.

* * *

One of the toughest breaks I have ever seen anyone get



☞ It is—it isn't—well, it might be Lon Chaney! But it is only Buster Keaton, that little cut-up, who has more darn fun trying to make up to look like Lon.

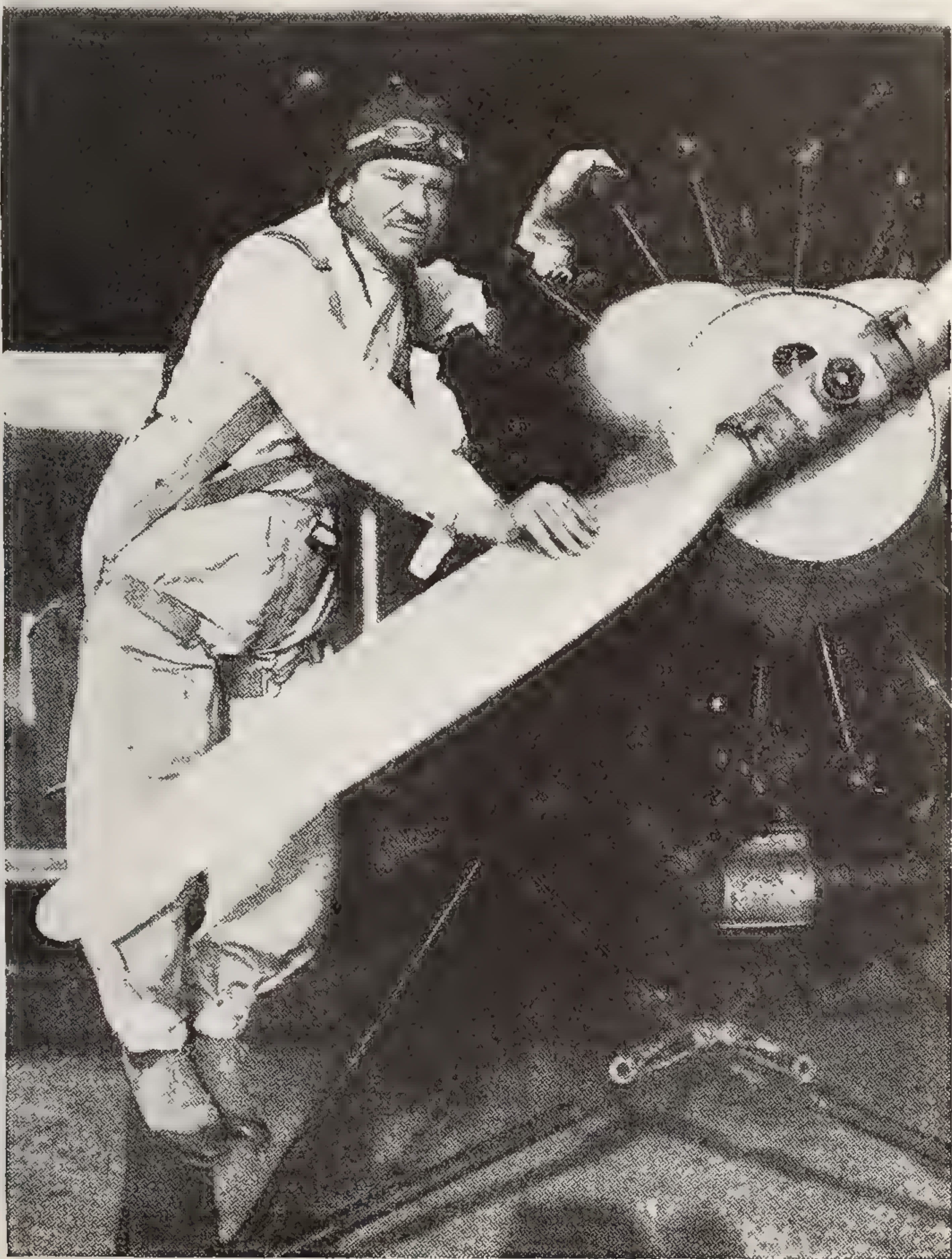


☞ Billy Haines teases Norma Shearer for a ride in her brand-new motor car. It was a present from her husband, Irving Thalberg. (P. S. He got the ride.)

has been handed to Ruth Elder by the public. For some absurd reason people think Ruth's flight almost across the Atlantic went to her head. Ruth's whole story is too long to tell here but she never posed as a person who attempted to fly across the ocean solely in the interest of aviation. She was making \$17.50 a week as a dentist's assistant in Lakeland, Florida. Her husband was making nothing at all at that time. He was, she said, a perfectly charming companion and one she always delighted in being with, but he was helpless when it came to providing a living.

Ruth had several sisters and brothers, the youngest under ten, and a mother whose life was being crushed by poverty. When Capt. Haldeman, whom she met in Florida, offered to teach her to fly she was very grateful, and when the trans-Atlantic flight was proposed she looked things squarely in the face and decided that she had nothing to lose, except her life which she was willing to take a chance on, and everything to gain. It was her chance to make good, to provide a living for herself and her family, for she thought she might be offered a job that would pay her perhaps two or three hundred dollars a month.

Ruth told me she didn't dream of getting the deluge of offers she received, and I believe her. It was bewildering and fascinating. She accepted the one from Paramount and they made full use of the publicity of her name. It was agreed that she pay the backers of the flight a percentage of her salary and this she did to an amount between thirty and forty thousand dollars, which almost returns their principal to them. She also gave George Haldeman a percentage, because she owed the whole thing to him and yet he had gained nothing by the trip. The fact that a woman had been his companion dimmed the recognition he would otherwise



© Wallace Beery was one of the first film stars to go up in the air over aviation. He pilots his own plane. And just talk to Wally if you don't believe it. We dare you.



© Greta Garbo in the Javanese bridal gown she wears for her new picture. Soon after she finished this film she sailed away to her native Sweden, for a vacation of several months. Wonder what the home folks say?

have received for his bravery and clear thinking.

It has been said that Ruth is 'high hat,' but those who say it do not know that she refused a big special picture which would star her amid a blaze of publicity. She thought it much better to take a modest part for awhile until she knew her camera. This she was not permitted to do but the management compromised by having her play the lead with a popular star. You saw the picture—"Moran of the Marines," with Richard Dix.

Her option with Paramount was not taken up. She was dying to make good. She didn't go to parties or accept any of the dozens of tempting pleasures Hollywood held out to her because she wanted to give all of her time and strength to win. It has been said that she was so 'stuck on herself' that when Paramount made her a liberal offer she turned it down. This was not true. She never had even the chance to turn one down.

Her mother and the children are still on her mind, for out of what she earned, because of her just obligations, she was only able to retain a very little of the amount for herself. For awhile it looked as though her picture career was over, and then she had an offer from Hoot Gibson to play the lead in his next picture, and she gratefully accepted it. The salary is huge in comparison to the \$17.50 of two years ago, but small compared with what the average player's salary is. And some of it still goes to those

who made it possible for her to earn it at all.

Ruth Elder has courage and strength of character and loyalty, and this shows in her face.

* * *

The death of Patsy Ruth Miller's mother saddened all the film colony. Mrs. Miller had a weak heart and had suffered a slight attack three days before her death. She had gone immediately to bed and was thought to be almost completely recovered. The end came suddenly and with terrific shock to the father, husband and children of the woman whose hospitality was famous for graciousness. Patsy was playing in Henry Duffy's "Nightstick" at the President Theatre, but after the first necessary arrangements had been made, and her brother Winston, who had just entered Princeton University, notified, Patsy took to her bed with a high fever. An understudy had to go in her place. She rose only to meet her brother's train so that during the long ride from the Santa Fe depot to Beverly Hills she could prepare the lad for what he had to meet. But Winston had guessed, and his only thought was to be able to face his father bravely—to give courage and not to get it.

* * *

Greta Garbo's long-looked forward-to visit to Sweden will be saddened by the death of her former director and friend—the man who is responsible for her being in America—Mauritz Stiller. Miss Garbo left the studio when the news came to her and



☞ The world's most highly-paid and popular carpenter: Charlie Farrell, who pitched right in and helped build his own house, opposite the Lakeside Golf Club.

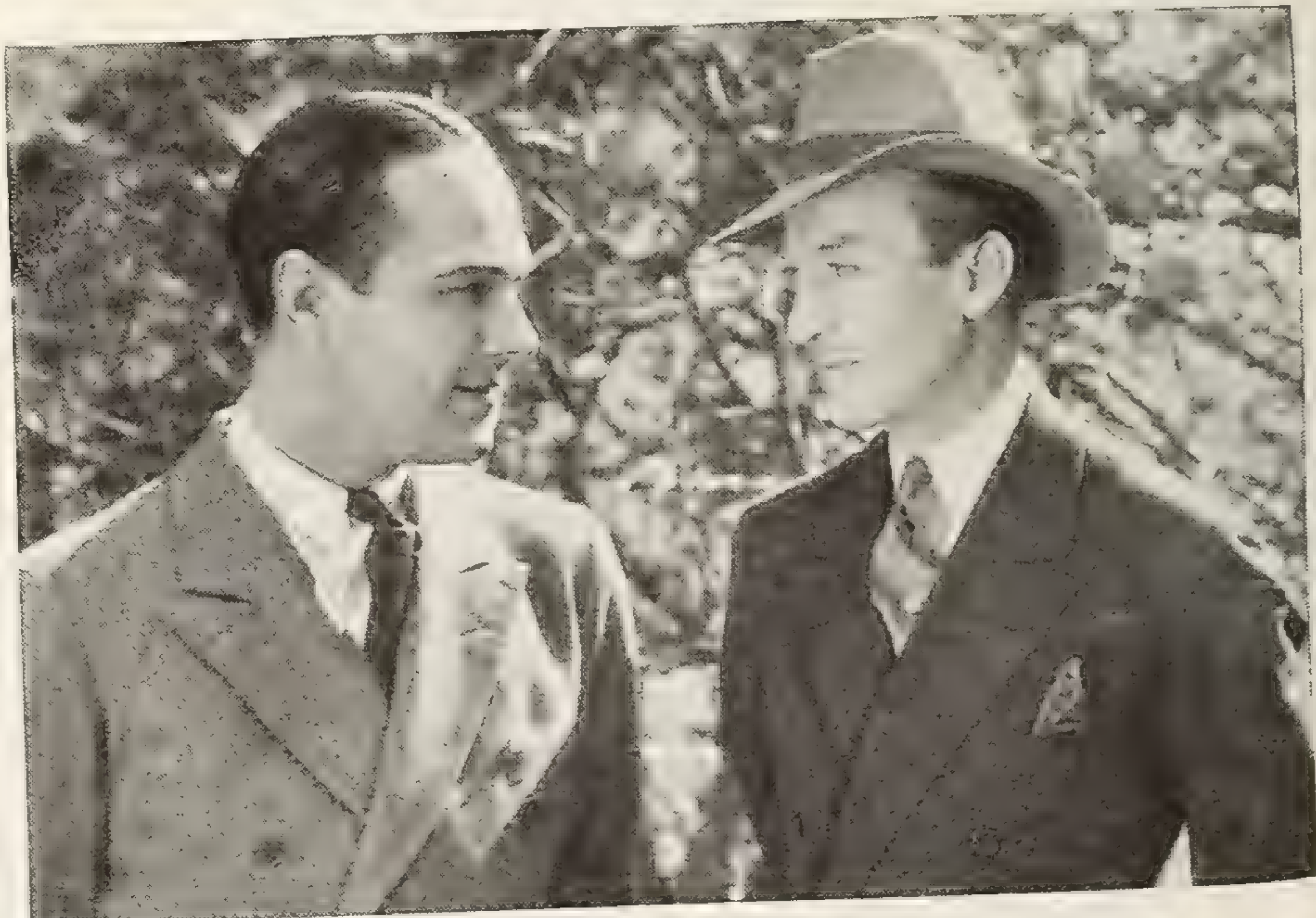


☞ Jimmy Murray and Lucille McNamers, Hollywood's newest newly-weds. They were married in Tia Juana, Mexico. Yes—she's in pictures, too.

remained at home for a day in strict seclusion. It was thought that she might make a picture under his direction while in Sweden, but all this is changed and her stay there may be very short. By the time you read this she will perhaps be on her way back, but as I write she is just beginning her long journey, having left for New York on The Chief.

* * *

What a cruel girl that lovely Phyllis Haver is! I found Margaret Livingston in tears on the set of "The Office Scandal" and across her back was a terrible welt raised by a lash in the hands of her jealous screen husband. And as though the poor child hadn't had enough of torture Phyllis must pinch her arms until they are black and blue. Yes, they really were. But as soon as the camera stopped grinding Phyllis was patting the bruised places with witch hazel and other soothing lotions and berating herself for having such strong fingers. "The Office Scandal" is directed by Paul Stein and looks great.



☞ 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' of the films—alias William Haines, and H. B. Warner, alias 'Jimmy Valentine' of the stage, alias—oh, well—one created the role and the other played it on the screen. Figure it out for yourself!



Photograph by Raoul Barba, Monte Carlo

“So this is The Kid! Jackie Coogan, touring Europe in a vaudeville act with his father, finds time for a little golf at Monte Carlo. Ho-hum!”

the stars were introduced and welcomed by the crowd. There was Pauline Starke, Louise Dresser, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Fritzie Ridgeway, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Andreas de Segurola, Bodil Rosing, Helen Twelvetrees, Lois Moran, Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, Victor MacLaglen, Sammy Cohen and others.

It interested me to hear the most enthusiastic welcome go to one who has long been familiar and dear to us—Louise Dresser. Bodil Rosing was also given a lusty cheer. Of the younger players Sue Carol got the heartiest applause and to my intense surprise Janet Gaynor's welcome was nothing at all to write home about. Little Helen Twelvetrees didn't get much of a welcome but when the announcer said, “Come on now, Helen, step up here and say ‘hello’ as though you meant it,” and Helen, summoning all her breath by a visible effort, gasped ‘hello!’ with an hysterical little quaver into the mike, the accomplishment of which doubled her up like a jack-knife, the audience burst into wild applause and laughter. She never did straighten up, but backed away and down the aisle to her seat, half laughing and blushing furiously, while the crowd went into fits of mirth.

Of the men, I think the laurel wreath goes to Sammy Cohen whose only words were, “Well, I hope my papa and my mama are listening in!” Although Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien and Victor MacLaglen were strong favorites.

* * *

Various rumors as to the future affiliation of John Gilbert were dissipated with the announcement that the star has signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Thus it is definitely assured that Gilbert will remain with the company under whose supervision his outstanding successes were produced.

Dr. Paul Fejos is now finishing the first talking motion picture with sequences in French, German and English.

Before starting on “Broadway,” Dr. Fejos had completed the shooting of “Erik the Great” featuring Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin. It is rumored that Conrad Veidt refused to making a talking version in English unless he could make one in German and Dr. Fejos compromised by making it in both English and German and also adding French.

The prints with the German and French sequences will be sent abroad immediately and Fejos will be remembered in motion picture history as the director who solved the question, “What about Europe with talkies.”

Dr. Fejos is a versatile linguist and besides possessing complete mastery of French, German and English, also speaks Hungarian, Italian and Russian.

* * *

When you see the ancient coach move across the French street in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, you will not suspect the near tragedy associated with it.

During the making of this scene in “The Iron Mask,” the horses broke away from the control of their driver. Terrified by the noisy approach of D'Artagnan and his musketeers, and bewildered by the market day crowds of French villagers, the horses took their ancient bits in their own teeth. Madly they dashed around the fountain playing in the square, and were stopped only when they blindly smashed into the stone wall of one of the buildings.

The driver was thrown from his seat onto the tongue of the wooden carriage and miraculously escaped death. The coach was so badly smashed it had to be rebuilt. The hundreds of villagers, who grabbed their possessions and rushed to places of safety, barely escaped serious injury.



“Alice Joyce and Owen Moore in a scene from Miss Joyce's stage play, “The Marriage Bed,” which is a distinct success in California and may be brought on to New York.”

GAY Belong GOOD

Edmund Lowe— Hollywood's Crooked Hero

By Franklyn James

☞ Here's the only
dog Eddie Lowe
puts on.

WHO is there who can define the difference between a screen hero, and a screen villain?

Oh, you don't say! A villain is a man who does mean things and a hero is a man whose deeds are kind and good. That simple, is it?

Well, what about Edmund Lowe?

Hollywood is much interested in the answer to Lowe's baffling personality on the screen. How can he do things that villains are commonly supposed to do, yet remain a hero? A popular hero, at that.

It was only a few years ago that Lowe was a 'white-washed hero.' That term, in Hollywood, means 'goody, goody man.' A man who could do no wrong; that was Edmund Lowe in 1926—before "What Price Glory." In one picture, he fought and whipped seven villains single-handed. In another, barricaded behind a flimsy door, and armed with a lone revolver, he carried on a battle with nine bad men, while the heroine cowered behind a wall of furniture. One by one, Lowe's sharp shooting ended the lives of

the attackers and thus preserved one heroine as well as his own life.

"I disliked those parts thoroughly," Lowe told me over his coffee in a quiet nook of the Hollywood Athletic Club, where we had lunched. "They weren't real. Hating them as I did, I know that I failed quite often to give my best efforts. I tried! I worked hard with those impossible characterizations. But my heart wasn't in my efforts because I didn't believe in the thing I was doing. A man can't do his best when his heart isn't in his task."

Coming from ninety per cent of Hollywood's male stars, that little speech would have sounded prosaic, as if a press agent had rehearsed it with Lowe behind closed doors. But it was convincing, coming from Edmund's lips. He revels in his parts now. He enthuses in his work; and I, who remember him when he was a 'white-washed hero,' know that he did not enthuse a few years ago—before "What Price Glory."

"What Price Glory" was the turning point in Lowe's life. His dressing-room wall features a number of still photographs of

(Continued on page 108)



☞ Edmund Lowe plays crooks and rough-necks and turns them into heroes. Left, in "Dressed to Kill." Right, in "What Price Glory?"



DOGS

To

ACTORS

*Nils Asther—
Mysterious as Lon Chaney*

By Betty Boone

☞ Hot dog—
Nils Asther!

HE hails from Sweden, but he looks more like an Italian; he has no secrets whatsoever, still he's one of the most impenetrable mysteries of Hollywood.

His name is Nils Asther—but Hollywood calls him 'The Mysterious Swede.' His sudden leap to fame—his uncanny ability at depicting characters so foreign to his own nature, and the queer, indefinable something that makes him an object of guesswork and conjecture at first sight—these are the things that make the young Nordic actor a man apart.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where he is under contract, he is one of the most popular of the 'younger set' among players—and the least understood. He says it's all a mistake—that there's nothing about him that everybody doesn't know—and that people seem to make up mysteries about him. But just the same, the fabled Sphinx was no more mysterious than his good-looking young fellow.

He's conceded to be one of the greatest lovers the screen has ever seen, but says that personally he has never been in love—despite the rumors that this or that fair charmer has captured his heart, which daily emanate from varied sources about the studios. Like Lon Chaney, he doesn't go to parties much—prefers to stay home and read and study; his most constant companion is a huge English sheep-dog rejoicing in the descriptive name of 'Clumsy.'

"I feed him dog-biscuits," was Asther's explanation of the close friendship between him and his great shaggy pet. "Or sometimes maybe some pieces of meat—he likes that," he added.

This is one of Asther's odd tricks. He speaks little, and when he does he usually answers a question in a few simple words

that aren't at all the answer one would expect.

"Making love on the screen? It is like posing for still pictures—you find out the best angle what you photograph with—then you use your own judgment," he explains. "No—I think I have never been in love—and maybe that is good. To fall in love—then one gets excited, and one cannot drive an automobile or act in pictures or on the stage when one is excited. Love is too exciting for one who calls himself an artist."

Leading women describe him as 'hot and cold.' He makes love fiercely, fervently, while the camera is going—and becomes a human iceberg when the whistle blows. Joan Crawford, opposite whom he acted in "Dream of Love," remarks that she'd like to see what he'd do if he were really in love.

But they all concede that whatever he does looks great on the screen.

He is a natural actor, but didn't inherit it. His father, Anton Asther, managed a big factory in Stockholm, where he was born, and intended Nils to follow in his footsteps. But instead, after taking a business management course at Lunel University, he entered the Royal Dramatic School and thence went on the stage. He was one of that notable company of Swedish artists which included Lars Hanson, Karin Noland, Victor Seastrom, and, in later days, Greta Garbo. Hanson came to America and returned to his beloved Sweden just about the time Asther, discovered through a picture he made in Germany, was brought to America and played the leading male role in "Sorrell and Son."

Asther thinks the stage is a better medium of expression than the screen, and has an idea that talking pictures will give the stage actor the opportunity he

(Continued on page 112)



☞ Nils Asther from Sweden insists he is not mysterious, but he can't make anyone believe it.





☞ Harriet Hctor is one of the dancing darlings of Manhattan. She is a Ziegfeld star.

Paris

AT one time and another, this department has discussed the merits of the various lyric writers of the day: Hart, Gershwin, Caesar, Wodehouse, the Lief boys, Wodehouse, Dietz, Kalmar, De Sylva, Brown and even Ryskind have had bouquets from the flowering pen of your critic. Having seen—a little belatedly, to be sure—"Paris," we hereby move that all discussion be closed. It must be evident by now that Cole Porter is first, with few seconds in sight.

Of course, there is one thing to be said for our previous oversight. Since Porter became rich and abandoned America for the Continent his contributions have been few. Wealth, after all, is enervating. Indeed it is wholly possible that even your correspondent, in spite of his devotion to the art of theatrical criticism, were he suddenly to fall heir to a fortune, might abandon writing this monthly critique of the drama. At a late hour last night, however, Aunt Hetty was enjoying splendid health, and we were still forced to hew to these lines. Aunt Hetty lives in the poorhouse, but rumor says she has a snug fortune in Confederate money. And after the way the Solid South

The Stage Coach

By
Morrie Ryskind

broke, we are in favor of another Civil War. In that event, Confederate money should be worth something, don't you think?

Still, on the other hand—we are getting a little mixed up, perhaps, and we want to remind you that we are discussing not so much Aunt Hetty as Cole Porter—Porter did turn out, a year or so ago, a song called 'Let's Misbehave,' and that alone was pretty nearly enough to lift him way up, even if he had never written anything else.

But here's a follow-up on that song—and a successful one, too. 'Let's Fall in Love' is just as good as its predecessor. And let's not forget 'Don't Look at Me That Way' and 'Babes in the Wood.' All three have the indubitable advantage of being sung by Irene Bordoni—oh, yes, didn't we tell you? She's in it. As a matter of fact, Martin Brown wrote *Paris* as a vehicle for the Bordoni.

Time takes its toll of Bordoni as it does with all of us, but somehow he manages to let her ride half-fare. Maybe it's just sentiment; but she looks almost as good as ever she did fifteen years ago. And she is still an artist at delivering a song. She still insists on letting her audience hear the lyrics of her numbers, in contrast to those singers—accept if from a battle-scarred veteran of musical comedy wars—who still think all an audience wants to hear is a high note. And she still makes you believe that a French farce is worth-while.

Good entertainment, say we. We liked it immensely. Go and do likewise.

Tonight at 12

Well, bless my soul, if it isn't another play by Owen Davis! This is not a Pulitzer Prize Play, but it should serve for one of these long winter evenings.

This time it seems that there are several families whose husbands and wives are not sure about which house they belong to. So one of the wives invites her Very Best Friends and accuses them of tampering with her Husband. It is another mystery story, except this time a husband has been stolen instead of a diamond necklace.

¶ Amusing Comments on Current Broadway Plays.

And, as in most mystery stories that are any good, you can suspect everybody—and with darned good reason. At one point in the proceedings, indeed, it was all we could do not to halt the play and admit that we were the Guilty Person.

It not only gives Owen Davis, Jr., a chance to act, but it has some amusing and novel stuff. Something, we take it, you will enjoy after a session of nights at home with highbrow reading. At any rate we wish it luck. Herman Shumlin produced it and Raymond Sovey did the sets. Which is undoubtedly another reason why we wish it well.

Peter Pan

We went down to Fourteenth Street the other night to see Eva Le Gallienne as *Peter Pan*. We are getting on in years, but we never saw Maude Adams in the part. In fact, except for the movie version that the beauteous Betty Bronson made, we had never seen the show at all. So you are spared the comparisons of the past. All we can report is that we had one of the grandest times of our entire career.

Somebody has probably discovered this fellow J. M. Barrie before us. That, of course, is one of the difficulties a writer for the monthly magazines labors under. The boys on the dailies can herald their find on the following day. But we have to wait a month before we can record our discoveries. Sometimes it's discouraging.

But, albeit somebody has been ahead of us by twenty-nine days, we want to go on record as hailing the author of *Peter Pan*. There are two Dolly Sisters and there are Four Marx Brothers—and we are fervent admirers of all six—but there is only one James Barrie. Sir James to you.

What with Dr. Freud having told pretty nearly everything, we know nowadays that almost all great writing is, to some extent, autobiographical. And certainly whatever the years have done to Barrie, he himself, in the innermost places of his heart, was the child who refused to grow up. Tarkington knows something about the heart of a boy, too, but Barrie knows the boy before he has reached boyhood. Forgive us. But whatever you do, unless childhood is so far from you that you have forgotten it altogether, see Eva Le Gallienne's *Peter Pan*. And, may we add, Josephine Hutchinson's *Wendy*, perhaps the best performance in town.

Congai

Sam Harris presents Helen Menken in a locale new on the stage, Anam, new to this observer at least. It is a colorful place and

a colorful tale. Yet something about it doesn't altogether satisfy.

That fault may not be the story's. It may be ours. Given a setting in Indo-China, we are prepared not only for sights and sounds unknown to us, but for thoughts and emotions that are a little strange, too. What availeth it to travel in search of far places only to find that the woman of Anam is exactly like the woman of Peoria?

Sisters under the skins may be all right in poetry, but on the stage we like them different. When an Oriental lady begins acting Occidental, something of the old romanticist in us jumps up and objects. And you know that ol' devil romanticist. You may bring sociology, psychology and economics to prove your case, but ol' man romanticist just keeps rolling along.

But then it is the author's intention, no doubt, to show that they *are* alike and, since he has been to Anam, maybe he's right. Granting then his premise, he tells a straightforward story, showing how the white man's burden gets to be the cross of the other races. Helen Menken is the native girl who gets around.



¶ You have seen and heard Ruth Etting in Paramount talkies, while New Yorkers are applauding her in the new Eddie Cantor show, "Whoopee."



Another FOLLIES GIRL Makes Good!

¶ *But Instead of Playing
in Pictures, Elizabeth
Meehan Writes Them.*

By Sydney Valentine

¶ Elizabeth Meehan—above—who wrote the scenarios for "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Sorrell and Son," and "The Rescue," used to be Betty Williams—right of the Ziegfeld Follies.

YOU have heard of all the Ziegfeld Follies girls who have made good in the movies. There was Mae Murray, once the toast of New York as 'The Nell Brinkley Girl' in a number in Mr. Ziegfeld's select entertainment. Mae went into movies and—you know the rest. Marion Davies used to sing and dance for Ziegfeld, before pictures claimed her. Billie Dove began her career as a member of the Follies beauty brigade. Look at her now. It's no hardship. And Louise Brooks, too, once soothed the optics of the tired business boys who flocked to see what Mr. Ziegfeld had to offer.

In fact, it's no novelty for a devotee of the Follies shows to see his favorites later on in pictures. It has become quite the thing for Follies girls to graduate into the silent drama and stardom. Now here's a Follies girl who made good in a different way. You'd hardly look for one of the lovely creatures behind a big, business-like desk, now would you—even pounding a typewriter on occasion? You wouldn't.



But I'll show you one.

A very pretty girl who used to be in the Ziegfeld shows and went into the movies, just like her sisters of the Follies—but instead of starring on the screen, she supplies scenarios for others to act in. Elizabeth Meehan—who used to be Betty Williams—is one of the most successful scenario writers in the picture business; and is well on her way to joining the ranks of the favored women scenario writers who command as high salaries as the stars. Elizabeth Meehan has important scenarios to her credit, and one of these days she will be in the Frances Marion-Jeanie Macpherson-Bess Meredyth class.

"I started out to be an actress!" she admitted the other day. "I left my home in Philadelphia to come to New York—for a career. I wasn't quite clear" (Cont. on page 108)



¶ In "Sally" Leon Errol was supported by a sextette of Broadway beauties, including Betty Williams and Billie Dove. The girl on the left in the first row is now Elizabeth Meehan, writer; while the third girl from the left is Billie Dove, movie star.



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Sally Phipps
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Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Answer in Age
Olive		spaces with check mark

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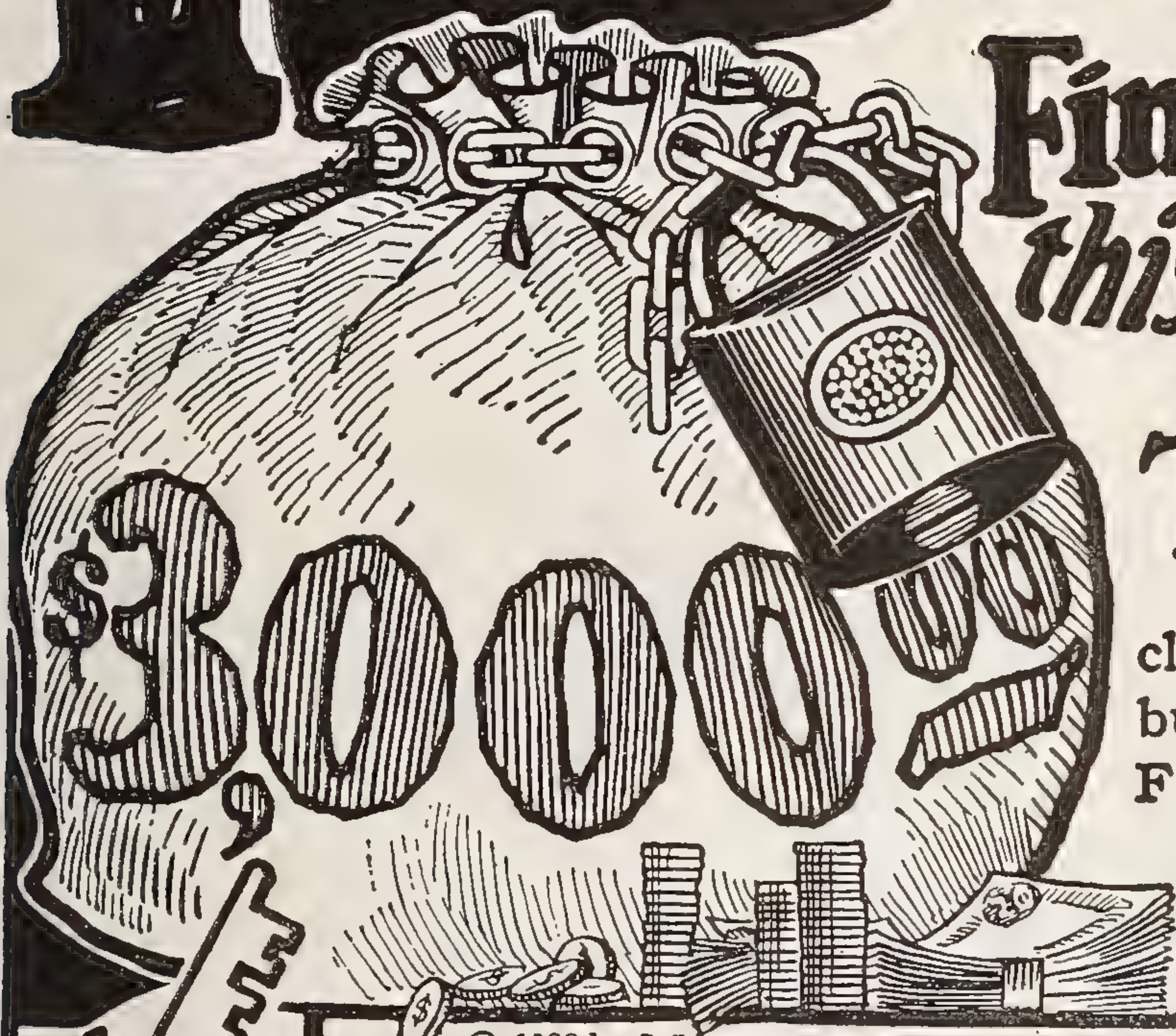


FROM CONSOLE TO CLOSE-UP!

Or, *The Rise of Jeanette Loff*. Here's the girl's story in one photograph. The lovely Jeanette used to play the organ in the movie theatres of Portland, Oregon. She watched the fair heroines cavorting on the screen and, between renditions of "Hearts and Flowers" or what have you, yearned to play in pictures instead of for them. One day she decided to give up her steady job as an organist and seek her fortune in Hollywood. A beautiful blonde of Danish descent with Jeanette Loff's charm and graces is usually welcome, and so she rose from extra and 'bits' to featured leads at the Pathe studios. Her ambition? To make enough money to install a pipe organ in her Hollywood home. In other words, stardom.

REWARD

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this **FREE** Bag of Gold



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THERE are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but **"ONE,"** and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this \$3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold." **SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.**

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ASK

ME



☞ Beautiful Billie Dove is the most popular girl among Miss Vee Dee's correspondents this month. Billie, take your bow!

☞ Richard Dix is always a favorite but he seems even more so right now, if Miss Vee Dee's readers are any judges. (They are!)

By

Miss Vee Dee

☞ The Answer Girl will be glad to hear from all fans. She will answer all letters in the order received. Please be patient if you have to wait a little while. Miss Vee Dee is practically as popular as Clara Bow!

☞ If you desire a personal reply by mail from Miss Vee Dee, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. And won't you sign your full name and address? Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

M YRTLE D. of Savannah, Ga. So I'm a radiator? Just another name added to my long list of honorary titles. All right—it suits me. Now watch me sizzle! You want Mabel Normand to come back to the screen again, and who doesn't? You'd like to see Charlie Chaplin back in his old stride—well, they say he does some smart stepping in "City Lights." Tom Mix is making pictures at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Claire Windsor has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Buck Jones has his own producing company. You can write him at Buck Jones Prod., Hollywood, Cal.

Barbara Ann of Winnipeg, Man. You want youth to be served but you forgot to say how. On the level, now, and no foolin'! Gladys Belmont is Richard Dix's leading lady for his next picture, "Red-skin." Anita Page played opposite Ramon Novarro in "Gold Braid," re-titled "The Flying Fleet," at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye and Eddie Nugent help to make the cast interesting. Another call to arms that will dazzle the eye and give the old heart a case of high-blood pressure.

Jessie A. from Barnesville, Ohio. What chance has a girl with eye-lashes over an inch long, to get in the movies? I'd say, she has a better chance than if the lashes were over two inches long. No, I won't breathe a word to Norma Shearer about how sorry you are that she is married—

but what's a pretty girl going to do? They can't please everybody. Norma is 24 years old. Olive Borden was born in 1904. You can write to Olive at Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Anthony of Fall River, Mass. Sorry I'm a little late in answering but what would a modern girl do with her time if she wasn't late once in a while? Mary Brian is playing opposite Charles Rogers in "Someone To Love." Mary was born Feb. 17, 1908, in Dallas, Texas. She has curly brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. John Gilbert is all American, born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His father and mother were both on the speaking stage.

A Salt Lake City Fan. A call from Utah for the Marion Morgan Dancers, who high-stepped so beautifully in "The Night of Love." They danced in the cabaret scene in "The Escape," a Fox film. From now on, I'll keep my eyes open and take a good look for Marion's girls. Here's a dish of news for Greta Garbo admirers. She is to be co-starred with Nils Asther, in a series of pictures, for M-G-M, the first one to be called "Heat." That will burn the cherries off your grandmother's bonnet.

Mince of Del Rio. Meet 'the' fan from Texas—yes, one in a million. Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks were married Feb. 23, 1928. Pauline Starke is the wife of Jack White, the producer. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer. Richard Barthelmess

uses his own name in pictures. Lloyd Hughes can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. He is married to Gloria Hope and there is a little Hopelet.

V. V. from Kalamazoo. Do I look like Clara Bow and how do I act? My extreme modesty prevents a full-length description of myself but I act like the very dickens. In the March 1927 issue of SCREENLAND, you'll find a fine picture of William Boyd and two stills in character portrayals. Bill is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal play with Bill in "Masquerade."

Blue Eyes from Philadelphia. Have I a sense of humor? You'd be surprised how I can snap my fingers at dull care and laugh in the wrong place. Jobyna Ralston was born in Tennessee but I don't know her birth-date. The late Einar Hanson's last picture was "Barbed Wire" with Pola Negri and Clive Brook. Clara Bow played in "Ancient Mariner," once upon a time.

Lena of New Haven, Conn. You couldn't bother me with any amount of questions. I love to answer you the worst way. Vilma Banky is making pictures at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Colman's new leading lady is Lily Damita. His new picture with Lily is "The Rescue." We do not send out photographs of the stars. Write to them and make your request. All

(Continued on page 92)



I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR in These Three Places—

OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you really want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've already tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in writing, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

My Method Is Unique!

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied* scalps, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!

FRONT

Here thinning hair does greatest damage to your appearance. Don't wait till forelock disappears entirely. ACT NOW to forestall baldness!



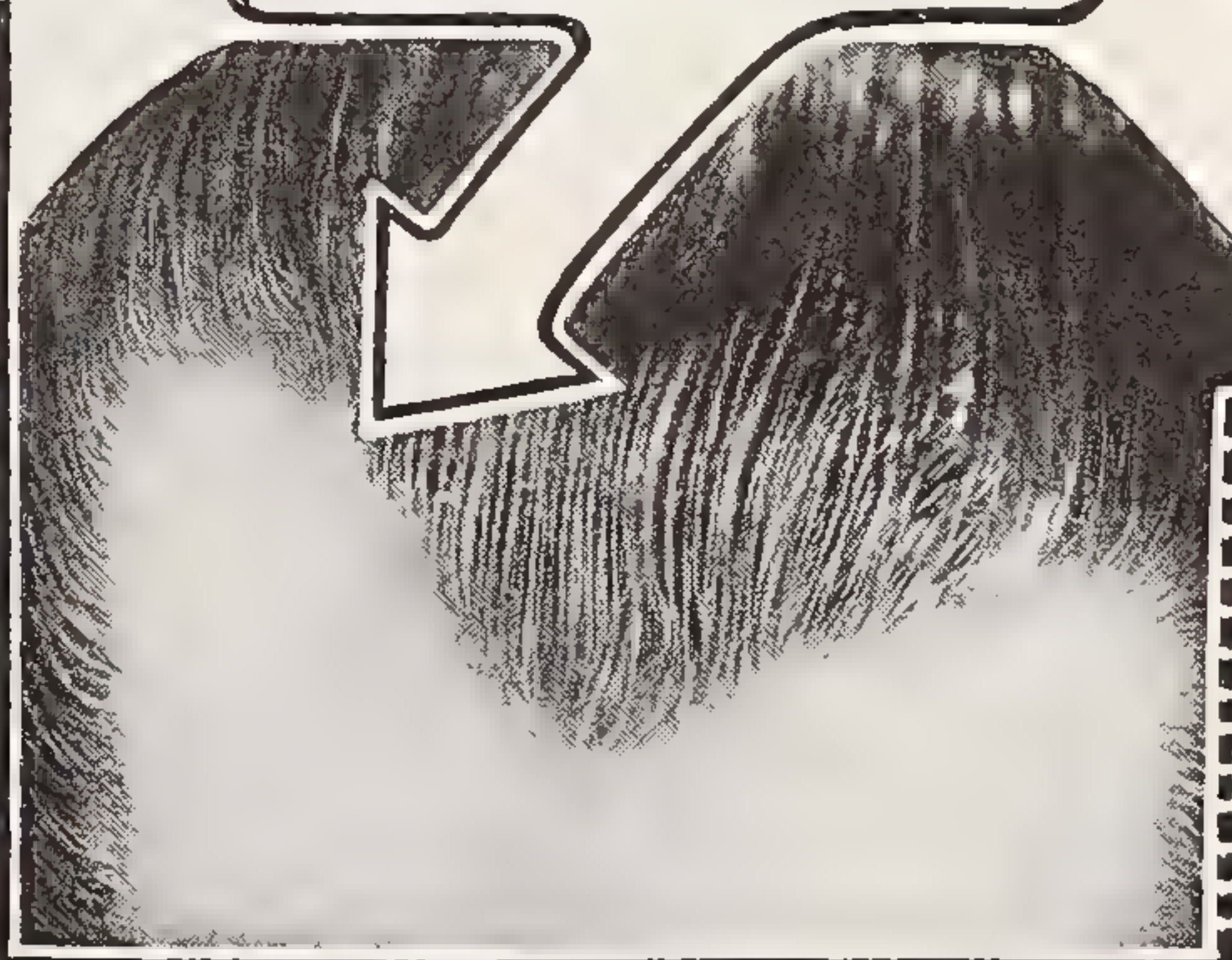
TOP

Most baldness begins here. Is this YOUR thinnest spot? Decide today to get that hair back and MORE!



TEMPLES

Thinner and thinner on each side until they meet and forelock too goes. Dandruff and itchy scalp are common to these cases. Why suffer a lifetime of regret? MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!



I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I guarantee to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 672, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

(My age is.....)

DANGER: One, two, three—BALD! And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists, if you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then ACT!!

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We have no magic medicine to sell. Only a system of simple exercises and special diet, assisted by a simple apparatus. Takes but a few minutes each day. The Glover system helps overcome the flattening of the ver-

tebrae and the sagging of the supporting muscles. Permits cartilage cushions in spinal column to expand. Strengthens muscles. Stimulates the nerves. Results have been permanent because based on true physiology. Unusually successful in under-developed young men and women. **EASY—INEXPENSIVE—CERTAIN**

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508 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

I can do is to furnish the address—and the inspiration (?).

Berniceslaw S. of Clinton, Mass. There's no law against little blonde girls falling for big handsome movie stars—or little stars, either; so you can sob out your story on my slender shoulders indefinitely. Rex Lease dashes around from one studio to another so it's hard to keep track of him. He appears in "Broadway Daddies" with Jacqueline Logan and Alec B. Francis, a Columbia film; and in "Stolen Love" with Marceline Day, Helen Lynch and Owen Moore, produced by FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Rex Lease was born in Central City, Va., Feb. 11, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes.

Lucille C. from Detroit Lakes, Minn. I'm always glad to make a correction even if it breaks a thousand hearts—I'm just that kind. Paddy O'Flynn is married. Now you know the worst—but Paddy says it's really the best for him. Bebe Daniels is to have a new leading man for her next picture, Robert Castle, the handsome young Viennese actor recently signed by Paramount.

Eve of Marietta, Ga. What, you ask, would all the movie fans do without Miss Vee Dee. You would have to curb your curiosity, anyway. Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Clara's latest films are, "The Fleet's In" and "Three Week Ends." Richard Arlen plays with Louise Brooks in "Beggars of Life." Gary Cooper and Fay Wray were in "The First Kiss."

Alta of Everett, Mass. How are you,

Alta? Glad you have joined our little so-and-so circle. Billie Dove plays in "The Night Watch." Paul Lukas and Donald Reed are in the cast. Gary Cooper and Clara Bow are not engaged to each other or to anyone else; and as far as I know, Greta Garbo is not seriously thinking of changing her name. Joan Crawford has announced her engagement to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Milton Sills has a daughter about 16 years of age and I believe her name is Dorothy. Mr. Sills, you know, was married to a non-professional before he and Doris Kenyon were wed.

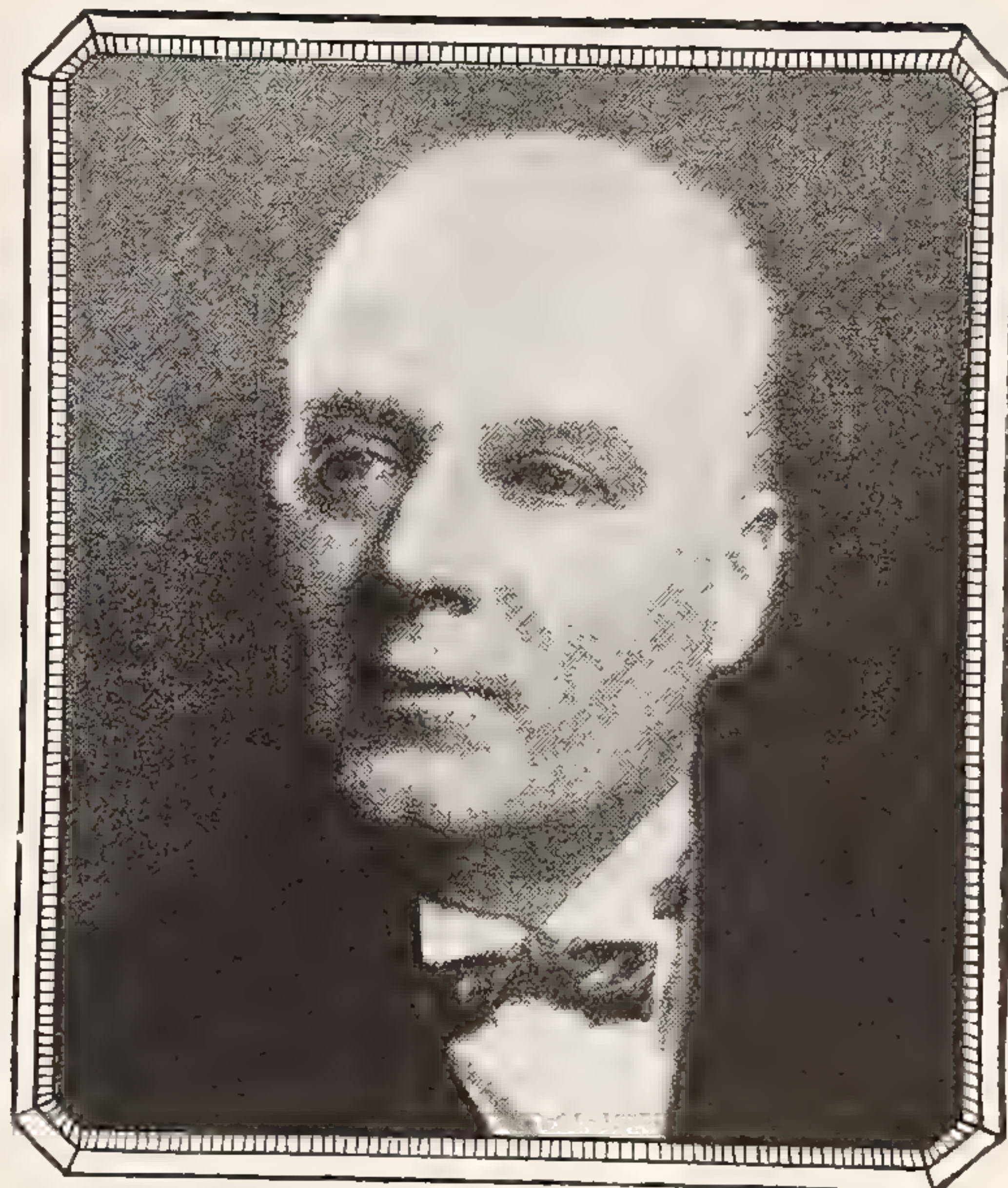
Robert B. from Sherburne, N. Y. As one joker to another, you think I'm quite a card, do you? I'm glad that's settled. Esther Ralston is 26 years old. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and has golden hair and blue eyes. Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and has dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. The two Russian girls in "Lost at the Front" were Nina Romano and Nita Martan.

Miss Vera of Two Rivers, Wis. You'd give your last quarter to get SCREENLAND. Atta' girl! Give me your hand, I'd like to shake one like that. Pauline Starke does not work at any particular studio but makes pictures occasionally. Write her in care of her husband, Jack White. Pauline was born in Joplin, Mo. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She plays with Marian Nixon and Norman Kerry in "Man, Woman and Wife," Universal film. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico in 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "The Woman Disputed" with Norma Talmadge. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, 30 years ago. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds.



© Since Ramon Novarro is the third most popular player according to the questions received by Miss Vee Dee this month, she thought you might be interested to see him off for Tahiti where he will film "The Pagan." Renee Adoree and Dorothy Janis are his leading ladies, and the gentleman on the left is the skipper.

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NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

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Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in

your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so! Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

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What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new, confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own

marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman

can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were

before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

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You can sway and control others. You can command success. You can influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

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You have it. Everyone has it. But do you use it?

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"Has been worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"I am glad that I dared to buy the books."

"The Personal Magnetism Books have raised me from poverty to my present position."

"I would not part with them for any sum of money."

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."

"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."

"I regard it as the biggest and best investment a man could make. Realized the experience of entering a new realm of life."

"Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life."

"Have examined 'Personal Magnetism' and am astonished how dormant my faculties were in that direction."

Marriage Problems of the Stars

Continued from page 32



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Mgr. Dir.

"Any marriage can succeed if there is love, tolerance and understanding on both sides. If it is a one-sided affair, the bond may hold together for the sake of appearances, but it isn't a happy marriage."

"Understanding and tolerance, I think, are the secrets of a happy marriage, on the screen or off," Betty Compson told me. Betty is the wife of James Cruze, the famous director. "No two people are cast in the same mold—one has to understand the other if there is to be perfect harmony. But the understanding should be equal; I don't hold with a one-sided understanding. I am sure I couldn't be happy married to a man outside the profession. I should feel that there was so much he couldn't understand, and I should feel that somehow I was cheating him of what he had expected to find in his wife. With Jimmy it is different. He knows the business and what a taskmaster it is."

"I like Jimmy Cruze," said Betty thoughtfully, "I like him as much as I love him. We are splendid pals. But we are tolerant. For instance, Jimmy would never go out to anything on a bet. He never goes to openings—never goes to dances—never goes to parties. Nothing could persuade him to leave his own comfortable fireside once the day's work is done. But he doesn't expect me to share his dressing-gown-and-slipper mood with him if there is something I very much want to do. He expects me to go out and expects me to have a companion. And on my side I don't expect him to remain alone during the evening if he wants companionship. Often when I have worked late I come home to find that a lady has been his dinner guest. Sometimes there are two or three. Why not? I am glad to know that he has not been lonely."

"Jimmy's one firm gesture toward conviviality is on Sunday when we have open house. That was his custom for years before we were married and we have continued it."

"He sometimes sees his first wife, with whom I am also friendly, and they confer about the future of their child. I would be very much upset if I thought that I was standing in the way of this counsel or if Jimmy wasn't interested in the future of his child."

"If I resented his interest and he resented my going to dances and parties our marriage would have foundered long ago. But I am sure it never will because we are pals. I don't object to the things some women object to. I feel that individuals are entitled to their own opinions and to freedom of action."

"Jimmy loathes to wear a coat. Do you think I would ever ask him to? I guess not. On the rare occasions when a formal dinner is given in our house, Jimmy's manners get the better of him and he struggles into a dinner coat. He is then thoroughly miserable the whole evening."

"In our case it is our tolerance that has kept us together."

Clive Brook thinks that if film marriages are harder to pull off successfully it is because fewer couples have children. If a woman wants a career the year given to motherhood is a serious handicap. Yet children often hold people together. Mrs. Brook left the screen at the birth of her first baby and has not returned. She has two now and she declares that they more

than make up to her for the loss of her screen work.

Directly in opposition to this viewpoint is the opinion of Wallace Beery. Mrs. Beery is not in pictures.

"My wife and I talked it all over and this is our arrangement," said Wally when I talked with him on the Paramount set. By the way, he and Florence Vidor supply the romantic interest in "Tong War."

"I go out and hustle the dough and I provide my wife with the kind of house she wants, a car, clothes, and all the material luxuries most of us crave. But there is a very strict rule in our house. Unless I am working at night, which is a very rare happening, we dine together. And we spend our evenings together. We seldom go out and all our entertaining is done in a quiet way. I usually turn in at nine and am up at six. We breakfast together. I love to do a bit of gardening in the morning and Mrs. Beery loves it too. I am at the studio every morning at 8.30 when I am working."

"But suppose taking care of a house is not enough to occupy the minds of all women," I ventured. "Suppose she wants other recreation?"

"Don't get me started on what most women want to do with their time or I'll hit the ceiling! Those bridge parties where women congregate to gossip are responsible for a lot of trouble. Oh, once in a while, of course, but not as an every-day affair! What lovelier occupation can a woman have than making her home beautiful and rearing her children?" Wally wanted to know.

"Well, she has to get out and see something of the world, or how is she going to know what to teach her child?" I demanded, in defense of the modern woman.

"Well, she doesn't learn anything worth teaching her child at any bridge party!" exploded Wally. Which was most certainly true, but it didn't answer my question.

"Speaking for myself alone, I couldn't be happy married to a wife who was in pictures. I know that working hours are



His fans have been asking for him in SCREENLAND; so here he is—Cornelius Keefe, one of our most romantic leading men.



These photographs show Miss Peggy Sidway, before the Marvelous Marcel Molds were adjusted to her perfectly straight long hair. . . . Mme. Sylva's molds—easily and comfortably adjusted to Miss Sidway's brunette tresses. When the molds came out of the hair, she exclaimed with delight, "That's the loveliest wave I ever had. From now on, I'm going to use these molds myself. You can't imagine the time and money we models must expend on our hair, for we must always look well."



Here is a manufacturer with such pride in his product—such confidence in its excellence—that in photographing a demonstration of this product for publication, he invited these representatives of great papers to be present, that readers may be assured of complete truthfulness and entire sincerity in every phase of this advertisement. Such is the straightforward, clean-cut policy of ARCADY HOUSE.

Marvelous New Marcel Molds Make Any Hair Gloriously Wavy

In 20 Minutes—At Home—Your hair will look just wonderful!

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And now the Beauty Parlor brought to your own room!

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No more "appointments," delays, disappointments.

No more tedious "processes"—no more danger from hot irons.

For here Science combines with the Art of the Professional Beauty Specialist to give you what every feminine heart and head has longed for—the perfect waver.

So simple a girl of ten can use it with perfect results.

So speedy that 20 minutes span the gap between straggly, unkempt hair and the glorious waves of your favorite style.

So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new.

In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or searing your hair.

There has never been a waver like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

The great difference between this and all other wavers.

This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: it locks in! By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in, MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly.

It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is slip these marvelous molds into your hair, lock them in place over the wave, remove them in 20 minutes, and, lo! there's your fresh new wave again!

Can such good news for womankind be true? We refer you to every woman who has so far had the opportunity to try out, test and use this marvelous new device. Read what just one of them says:

I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl friends could hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful, soft marcel wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chum?
(Signed) B. M. T.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder.

One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities.

Margaret Beynon Sylva, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with women's hair as her personal specialty, learned all the longing that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trials, the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons.

Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

"Make It SIMPLE!"

And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply. It took months of the costly time of precision experts to fashion into these few strands of metal that priceless ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molders in your hand, you, seeing nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make. But when you remove them from your hair and see the glorious results so easily achieved for you, you will know and say, with us, they are worth a hundred times the money!

Priced Far Below Real Value—at only \$2.97 per set—complete

You have the opportunity to obtain and possess a set of these marvelous new molders at ANNOUNCEMENT cost.

We want to celebrate with the women of America this genuine advance in the home dressing of "woman's crowning glory." We want you to have a set of these perfect marcellers. So we set the price at a nominal figure—less than the average cost of a single visit to the Beauty Parlor.

And for it, you get a Beauty Parlor of your own, so far as hair waving is concerned, to be yours forever. Because these marvelous molders will last for hundreds—yes, we know by tests, for thousands of waves.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon Trial Certificate—Liberal Offer—Money Back Guarantee

Give these marvelous molders a thorough and complete trial when you get your set. Then, if for any reason you can bring yourself to part with them, and admit that you can not get a perfect result, you will have your money returned promptly. So far, we haven't found anyone who doesn't enthuse after 20 minutes' use. Remember, a girl of ten saw immediately how to use her set, put them in her hair, and got a beautiful marcel in 20 minutes. Surely you can do the same.

You need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon Trial Certificate. Note that our announcement cost is only \$2.97. We can not afford to carry a book-keeping charge at this figure, so we ask you to deposit with the postman the sum of \$2.97, plus a few cents' postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Get yours now and be first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves these molders fashion. Fill in and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate this minute.

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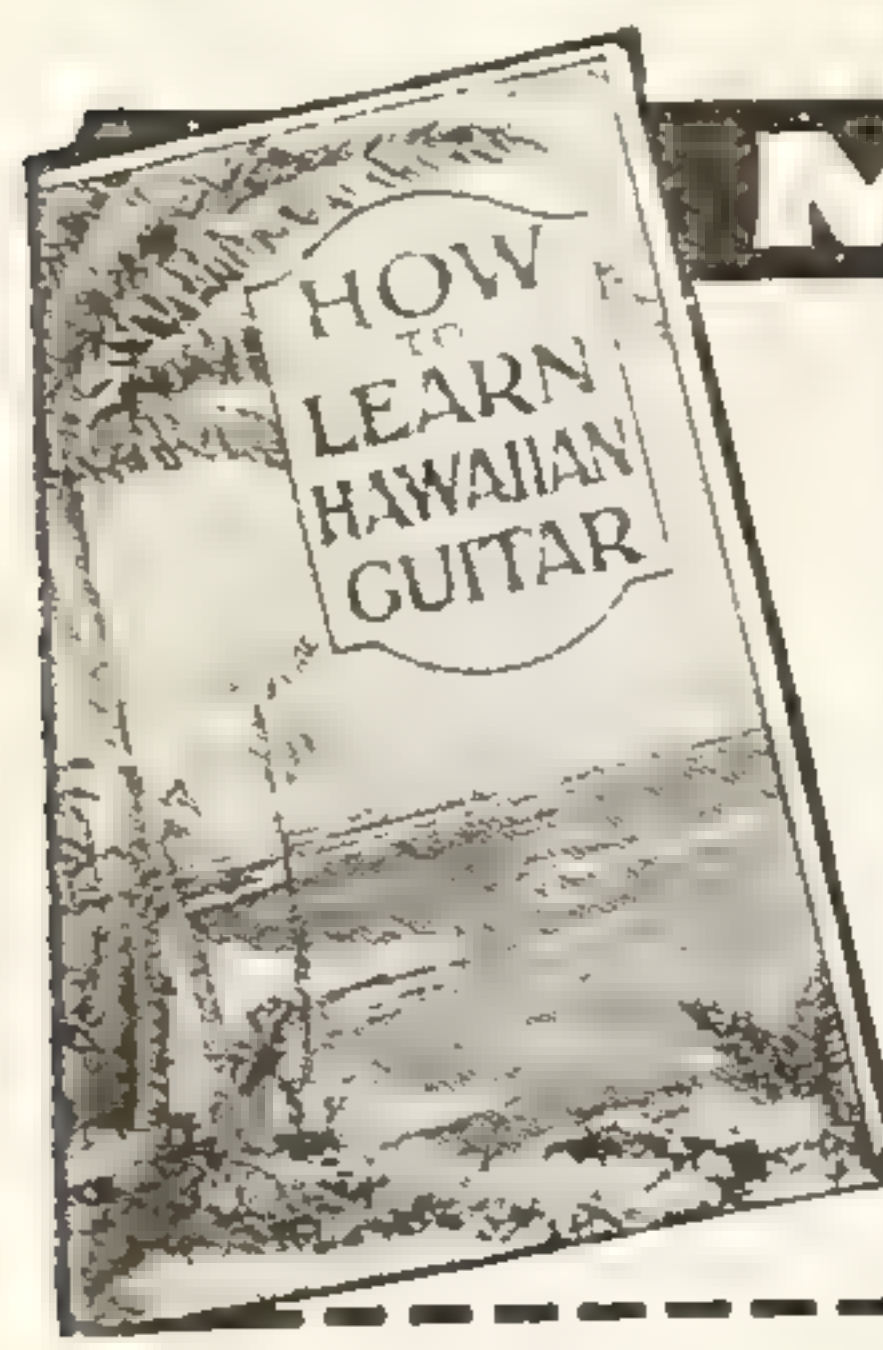
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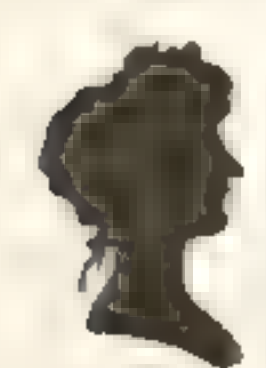
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sometimes impossible to control. But when I get home I want my wife there to greet me. And except, as I said, on the occasions when I am working, I go home. It may seem one-sided, but Mrs. Beery and I are congenial, and sticking to what, in our opinion, are the essentials for a happy marriage, we get along fine."

In the opinion of William Seiter, the director, and the husband of Laura La Plante, the greatest danger to film marriages is the curiosity of the public regarding them and the determination on the part of the press to circulate rumors of estrangement whether they have any foundation or not.

"About two weeks ago Laura went to New York with Hedda Hopper. I had hoped to take her but had to start my new picture sooner than I expected so at the last minute Laura decided to take the short holiday due her with Hedda. She wanted to fly across but sensing how I would feel both girls made their arrangements and told me only an hour or two before time to start. It did give me a turn. They got as far as Council Bluffs, Iowa, when a storm forced them down and they made the rest of the way by train. Well, there was some excitement about it in the papers and when it was found I was not along the wires began to hum. Newspaper men called me up the other night and said they heard Laura and I had come to the parting of the ways. I denied it. Not believing me they called Laura in New York. She denied it. Not believing her, they called me back again! What can you do? Thank heaven Laura will be home tomorrow. Her merry little self will make me forget this nonsense. But it takes a strong bond to keep two people together with everyone apparently making it their business to part them."

Eve Southern says there is no reason why film marriages should not be as happy as other marriages. But she thinks it would be better for both sides to be in pictures, at least in some capacity. For instance, a husband who knew nothing about the business might be worried about the love scenes. In his experience a man didn't kiss a girl unless there was some attraction. Whereas an actor would know from personal experience that few actresses even stir his pulse when he embraces them, and he would know that his wife probably felt the same way about her love scenes. And if either one thought there was an attraction they would be wise not to mention it thereby letting the half-unconscious romance die a natural death. Mentioning it would, in all probability, make a reality of it, and then there would be grief.

"My parents are devoted to each other after thirty years of marriage," said Eve. "The first thing my father says when he comes home from business is 'Mother.' And from wherever she is my mother answers him. Our world is a different one from theirs of years ago, but I can't see why it can't be just as loyal and beautiful."

Then there is Belle Bennett who had a son but whose first marriage was an unhappy one. Belle is stronger for both man and wife being in pictures than a mixture. "I was very young when I first married," she said, "and there were many things I did not know. I was probably as much to blame as my husband for our unhappiness, I don't know. He objected

to my work and I objected to being left so much alone. After we were divorced I made a grave mistake in trying to idealize him in my son's eyes. Every birthday and Christmas I sent gifts which were supposed to come from the father my boy hardly remembered. He just knew that he was big and handsome and I tried to build on that foundation a father whose tenderness never failed. But when the child was near death he called only for his father—and it was my punishment to realize that because he did not come the child half blamed me. His father had married again and so had I. Both my present husband and I implored my boy's father to see him before he died. But so determined was he never to face me again that he thought we were not telling the truth. He wouldn't believe even the wires the doctor sent. When the death notice was sent to him he sent me a wire full of contrition and ended up by saying he would never forgive himself. It was moral cowardice that made him fear to face me, and he will suffer until he straightens his own backbone. I hold no resentment though it was hard at the time because I felt surely that his presence would have saved my son's life. But again I was to blame too, because I shouldn't have sent those presents. I thought I was doing something fine, but it was not true and it was unwise.

"I have had no difficulties in my second marriage that were not easily adjusted. My husband is a director. We work on different lots almost always, but our hours are about the same and we usually have the evening together. Dinner is a great occasion in our house."

I started to tell how much harder it is for film marriages to succeed than marriages in other circles and I find almost in every case that the film people don't think so. Those who have been divorced don't blame the business, at least not the ones I talked with. They blame it on hard luck or lack of understanding, incompatibility, but not once did they say 'it is this business.' As Betty Compson said, "If there are more divorces in film circles than elsewhere, and I doubt it, it may be because most film people won't try to hang on to love when they know it has gone, or that what they had mistaken for love was just a passing emotion."

Dealing in emotions in their work the children of screenland are quick to detect pretense in real life and they don't want it. They know that love and happiness are somewhere and they are bound to find it. "Try it again" is their motto if needs must. The women are economically independent in most cases and do not cling to their men for the sake of a meal ticket as so many wives not in the professional and business world feel they have to do.

And after all, if you look at the divorce columns of the daily papers you will find a long string of private citizens and maybe not one film divorce. Of course, when there is one of any prominence there is a terrible hullabaloo raised so the public gets the idea that everyone in the business is changing partners.

Taking it by and large, and not forgetting how the rest of humanity measures up to the marriage question, I can go on an honest crusade for Hollywood and feel reasonably certain of reaching my goal with as high a banner as anyone.

For her excellent letter, Miss BERTHA M. SOKOLOVE, Jordan Court, Harding Road, Nashville, Tennessee,

was awarded Dorothy Mackaill's Coat which was offered in the November SCREENLAND.

How I Found MY IDEAL MAN... and Lost Him.. In One Miserable Evening

By Martha Barnard

IT was the night of Helen's party. Everyone was talking about the one absent guest—Tom Hartell—what a good scout he was—how brilliant and clever—what a success he was making of his law practice. Of course I discounted their praise and resolved that I for one shouldn't like him.

And then he arrived. Clear across the room I recognized him. I had never believed in love at first sight, but here was my ideal man—the one man I had been waiting for all my life. At almost the same instant he saw me. He leaned over and whispered in Helen's ear. A minute later he was being presented to me.

Immediately he began to ask a thousand questions—what amusements I liked—what plays I had seen—what books I had read. We discovered that we liked the same things—our tastes were almost identical. I was so happy—I could hardly believe all my dreams were coming true.

And then suddenly he seemed to grow bored and indifferent. He began to look around the room—to notice the other women. "Pardon me a minute," he said, and was gone. Three minutes later he was deep in conversation with another girl. For the rest of the evening he did not notice me. I was crushed—heart-broken—bewildered. I hadn't the least idea of what was wrong.

The next morning Helen dropped in to see me.

"You know, Martha, dear," she began, "Tom Hartell was terribly smitten with you last night. He told me that you were the girl of his dreams. And then you spoiled it all! Yes, dear, I know you didn't realize what happened, but Tom told me afterward that you simply murdered the King's English—you mispronounced every fourth word. Martha, why on earth be handicapped that way? Don't you know that now you can learn the right way to pronounce difficult words from phonograph records? Today it's so easy to learn cultured speech and to increase your vocabulary at the same time just by sitting down *and listening* for a few minutes each day!"

That was a month ago. Last night I sat next to Tom Hartell at a dinner party. We talked books, art, the theatre and I could see that he was amazed at the ease with which I used difficult words and the fluency with which I expressed my ideas. All his old interest revived—he told me

that never before had he met a girl who could talk so well or so charmingly as I! Now I know that my dreams are coming true—I know that never again will I make the terrible mistakes that almost wrecked my romance.

* * * * *

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Can You Speak Hollywoodese?

(Continued from page 56)

engaged in an animated discussion of the latest football game with Tony Moreno, her leading man—and what girl can talk emphatically without swift gestures and frequent bobbing of the head? Nevertheless, Lucille persevered, Colleen approached the climax of her description of Don Williams' latest touchdown for Southern California's sensational eleven, and Tony bent an eager ear. Meanwhile, Seiter had completed a close-up of Gertrude Astor, and he interrupted the conversation by calling to Colleen:

"Olleenca! Eadyra orfa yma extna otsha?"

And Colleen, slipping easily into this strange tongue, replied:

"Esysa, Illba. Omingca!" and returning to English, finished her description of the football play with a shake of the head that completely disarranged the square-cornered bob, jumped down from her stool and hurried over to the cameras—followed by the patient Lucille.

Whereupon, believing I had stumbled upon evidence indicating that Colleen was of some other nationality than her Irish name indicated, I rushed over to her.

"Not to be too personal, but how did you happen to speak Persian?" I inquired.

Colleen's big eyes grew bigger in wonder.

"Persian?" she repeated, on an ascending scale. "Oh! I see! Bill and I were just talking Hollywoodese!"

It was my turn to register bewilderment.

"And what—or who—is Hollywoodese?" I asked.

"If you'll just wait a minute, Bill will finish this scene, and I'll explain."

I waited, Bill finished, and Colleen returned to her stool.

"Hollywoodese is awfully easy, and lots of fun," she began. Having struggled through a foreign language at school, I gallantly withheld a belief that she was mistaken. "All you have to do is to take the first letter from a word, add it on at the end, and then add a final A," Colleen explained, and beamed at me. I must have looked even more blank than usual, for she added, "Don't you understand?"

A weak grin and a shake of the head on my part.

"Why, it's easy!" she insisted. "For example, Bill said to me, 'Olleenca! Eadyra orfa yma extna otsha?' which means 'Colleen! Ready for my next shot?' And I answered, 'Esysa, Illba. Omingca!' which means, 'Yes, Bill. Coming!' You see, we just took the first letter, or first double-consonant, from each word, tacked it on at the end, and added 'A,' which is pronounced long, as in acorn. See?"

The light of understanding penetrated. "Esysa!" I replied, proud of my linguistic accomplishment.

Colleen was pleased, and coached me for several minutes, until I was rattling off Hollywoodese like a native.

"Of course," said Colleen, "so many people are talking Hollywoodese now that you can't tell secrets and get away with it."

"What does one do when it is necessary to be super-confidential at the top of one's lungs?" I enquired.

"Well, I'll tell you, but don't spread it around," said Colleen. "We talk Double Dutch. I'll give you a lesson. Suppose I wanted to say 'Where will you be tonight?' I'd say in Double Dutch, 'Whopere Wopill youpou bope toponopight.' Now you try it—hey! Where are you going?"

But as far as I was concerned, school was out and I was headed for the studio gate, gasping for eathbra!

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal "Liebestraum." I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the "Liebestraum" died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."



"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only averages a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had learned to play the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson."

"The Free Book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course."

"When the lessons started I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A.B.C.! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I soon was able to play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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HIS SECRET CAME OUT ON OUR HONEYMOON

How a Farmer Outshone Government
Officials, School Teachers and a Doctor

MY acquaintance with Franklin Andrews began while I was a government teacher in an Indian school in Arizona. From the first there was one thing about him which I could never figure out—a thing that puzzled all of us.

"All of us" included the reservation "doctor," the Indian agent, the superintendent, the supply clerk and us teachers—and occasionally a high official from Washington or other government headquarters.

I suppose all of us had a better-than-average education. Anyway, we all tried to keep well read and well informed. Among us we subscribed to a rather imposing list of magazines and newspapers—passing each publication around so that each was read by all. We were miles away from a town of any size, so reading was our chief amusement and recreation.

How Did He Do It?

Now comes the thing about Frank Andrews that struck us all as strange.

He was a farmer—and a very busy one—with little time for reading. His farm was off in what people sometimes called the "Great Nowhere," with our little colony at the Indian Agency his nearest point of contact with the rest of the world. Yet in spite of all that, when any subject relating to the outside world came up Frank always seemed to know more about it and to have his facts straighter than any of the rest of us. We couldn't understand it.

As our acquaintance ripened, Frank and I became engaged. Naturally enough it gave me both pride and satisfaction to see him so often outshine the others in the conversation around the dinner table and elsewhere. But I could see that the others sometimes felt a bit of chagrin. Even the officials who dropped in from Washington or other big cities never seemed to be so well informed as Frank.

Something I Had Long Wanted to Ask

I often wondered about it. Then, on our honeymoon, the secret came out. It was in a room in our hotel in Kansas City. Frank was talking about a recent development in China—an event of world-wide interest and importance.

"Frank," I said, "tell me how you do it—it is something I have long wanted to ask you. How do you manage to keep so well informed on everything that is going on, with so little time to spend in reading?"

For answer he reached into his bag and brought out that week's issue of *The Pathfinder*, with the remark: "About everything new I know comes from that."

I am ashamed to confess that although I had often heard of *The Pathfinder* I had never before read it. I eagerly held out my hand for it—and I found it so full



"Frank," I said, "here's
something I've long wanted
to ask you . . ."

of interesting things that I read almost every page without stopping. Frank had to remind me three times that it was time to dress for a show we had tickets for.

I Was Quickly Converted

From that day to this I have depended on *The Pathfinder* to keep me informed and to help me in many other ways. Honestly, I get more from *The Pathfinder* each week than I used to get from half a dozen publications—and get it in a fraction of the time.

To anyone as busy as I am, this matter of time-saving is very important. Frank and I now live on a big fruit ranch in California, with so much to look after that we are both kept going from morning to night. We just glance over the headings of our daily paper to get the local news. We depend on *The Pathfinder* to set us right on everything really worth while. We simply couldn't keep house without it—our minds would soon be ages behind.—MRS. FRANK K. ANDREWS.

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Butterflies and Bachelor Boys

Continued from page 27

socially since then, and at first, hearing what a high-brow he was, I was very much frightened of him. But one night at a friend's house he began to clown and play charades—and since then I've thoroughly enjoyed being with him. He has a quaint and whimsical wit, and is a lot of fun."

Some guests arrived then, including Esther Ralston and her husband-manager, George Webb. Esther looked adorable in a pink afternoon gown.

"Do you notice how informal these social affairs are becoming?" whispered Patsy.

"The Hollywood set doesn't doll up as much as it used to, and I think that is jolly."

Esther told us that she is looking forward to a trip to Europe with her husband soon. She has worked awfully hard and has earned a rest. She was very tired that evening, she said, because she had been playing a Hungarian peasant girl in "The Case of Lena Smith," all day, bearing a great pack strapped on her back. She said they wouldn't lighten the load because they wanted the scenes realistic.

Tom Geraghty and Mrs. Geraghty were there, and E. H. Asher and his wife, Darryl Zannuck and his wife, Virginia Foxe; Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rockett, Alan Crosland and a lot of directors and producers.

Kathryn McGuire came with her husband, George Landy; Robert Leonard brought his wife, Gertrude Olmstead; and Lew Cody came later with George Sidney.

Mervyn's sweet little mother, Mrs. Percy Teeple, was there, as was also his step-father.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick came late, having attended another party. They are a great comedy team, and are always doing funny, amusing, kidding things. Colleen happened to sit down on John's knee, whereupon John pretended she was a ventriloquist's dummy.

"What do you do, young lady?" John demanded, catching Colleen by the back of the neck and turning her head around.

"Make whoopee!" answered Colleen.

"Why do you make whoopee?" asked John.

"Because I've got a whoopee shirt," answered Colleen.

Then Mervyn LeRoy came to announce, "There's dancing in the gold room, but please don't take the gold!" And everybody decamped in that direction.

However, Colleen danced only once, and when she returned we asked her about her recent long yachting trip on her own yacht, and she said she had a lovely time. Asked what she did, she answered:

"I just sat, and that's the most fun I could have after all the hard work I'd been doing in pictures."

However as we chatted I found out that she had done a lot of fishing—had caught a lot of fish and had the pictures to show to prove it. She said she caught only a small fish at first and was so proud she wanted to have it stuffed, but John wouldn't let her!

She said they had carried off a baby seal from an island off the Mexican coast where there is a great seal colony.

"We carried it out to sea with us a long way, just to see what the other seals would do. They all followed us. Then we put it back into the water, and my, weren't those seals glad to get it back!"

Just then our host put his head into the door and called out:

"Come get a box lunch! Food's free!"

He had comically pulled a derby hat down over his ears.

The supper was a buffet affair, very wonderful, with wild ducks stuffed with wild rice.

Everybody sat about and chatted, or danced to the music of Mervyn's studio orchestra, which played beautifully for us.

"I'm really completely worn out with the troubles of that sweet little Dolores Costello and that noble George O'Brien!" exclaimed Patsy. "I don't know as I am equal to a party!"

We were on our way to Bess Meredyth's house following the opening of "Noah's Ark" at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. She was giving a party for the director, Michael Curtiz, to whom she is engaged.

"Noah's Ark" in a Chinese Theatre is enough to wear anybody out, even if Dolores hadn't been drowned and train-wrecked and bombed every few minutes," put in Price Dunlavy, our escort.

As soon as we arrived at Miss Meredyth's, Patsy and I joined Olive Borden, and we all wrung out our little hankies together.

"I cried so much I'm sure my eyes are all red," remarked Olive, peeping into her vanity case mirror. "And when George was in his deepest difficulties in 'Noah's Ark,' I got so excited that I almost chest-heaved myself out of my dress," she went on, as she reached around to fasten a little hook on the side of her dress that had become undone.

Dolores Costello herself was present, looking just as ethereal as she does in the picture. She came with Arthur Lake, and we learned that she, too, was a bit tired after all the excitement of the opening, especially as she had made a personal appearance.

Olive had come with George O'Brien, to whom she is said to be engaged, and presently while we were chatting with Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, George came over. Mervyn and George love to hash over their old days together, when they dwelt in a couple of rooms.

"We lived together," announced Mervyn. "No, I mean we existed. We lived in a covered wagon, and did our own washing and cooking."

"When we had anything to wash or cook," laughed George.

"George O'Brien," remarked Patsy, when Olive and George had left for the supper room, "has quite as wonderful a personality off the screen as on. He is awfully popular with everybody."

Helen Ferguson declared that she had cried all evening at the picture, too, and her husband, William Russell, said that he had supposed she got into the habit of crying while playing "Lombardi, Ltd.," on the stage.

That handsome Victor Varconi and his sweet wife were there, Mrs. Varconi looking very well despite the fact that she has been so ill of late.

We caught sight of Lily Damita, surrounded, as usual, by a trail of men, including John Davidson, who flattered us by leaving the Damita circle to chat with us.

Paul Leni introduced us to his charming European wife, who told us that Hollywood wasn't a bit as she had pictured it.

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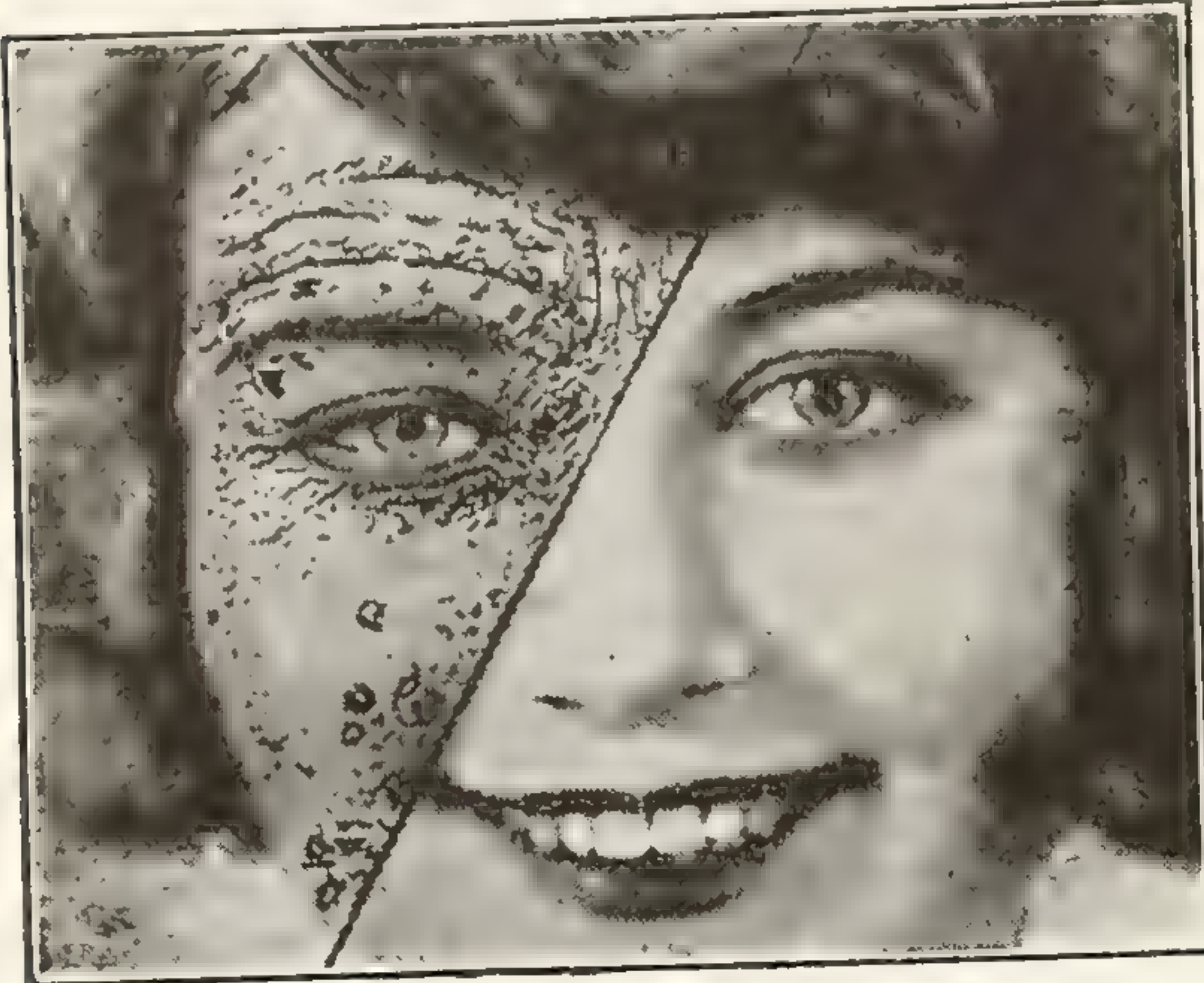
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"You see I was told that it was all very wild western, that I should have to ride a horse to the post-office because there were no motor-cars nor roads," she laughed.

Jack Warner was there with his pretty wife, and so was Harry Warner, who has come out from the east for a little while; and there was that amusing Bryan Foy, who is always kidding about, but who, all the same, is a genius for organization, and is leaving for New York to manage the Vitaphone studio back there.

Eddie Foy, Jr., came, bringing Bessie Love. Eddie is getting to be quite a sheik.

Guinn Williams, who plays George O'Brien's pal in "Noah's Ark," came in, bestowing that wide, engaging smile on everybody quite impartially; and there was Irene Rich, with her handsome millionaire husband, David Blankenhorn; and Edward Earle, Joseph Jackson and his wife, Ethel Shannon; Robert Vignola, Mike Levee, Bayard Veiller, James Flood and his wife; Carl Laemmle, Jr., Chuck Reisner, Eddie Brandstatter, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Weingarten, Ethlyn Claire.

Michael Curtiz stood near the door, helping Miss Meredyth to receive, during the early part of the party, and then both busied themselves in taking care of their guests at the buffet supper.

Louise Fazenda came with her husband, Hal Wallis, and Maria Korda was with her director-husband, Alexander Corda. Of course Miss Korda, Mrs. Varconi and Mrs. Paul Leni made a little group delighted to chat together in German.

As nobody had arrived at the party until one o'clock in the morning, of course it was nearly daylight when we left; and yet even as we departed the orchestra was striking up another dance tune, and we saw Lily Damita captured and carried off for a fox-trot with Michael Curtiz.

NATURALLY you would expect Mitchell Lyson, Cecil B. DeMille's art director, to have an artistic home. And he has. It is in one of those beautiful Hollywood studio apartment houses, a Spanish house, and appropriately furnished with just the right luxurious rugs and pictures, chairs and sofas. And there is a great open fireplace, which glows and shines its hospitality to all Mitch's guests.

Patsy and I went over to Mitch's house with Max Constant, the other night, when our host invited us to his party.

"Oh, who is that pretty girl that Mitch is dancing the tango with?" inquired Patsy, after Carol Lombard, who was aiding our host in receiving in the absence of his wife, Stella Seager, who is playing an engagement on the stage in San Francisco, had taken us upstairs to leave our wraps. "I'll just bet," Patsy went on, "that that girl can't speak a word of English!"

However, it turned out that the pretty girl does speak English—that she is very American indeed, since she has Cherokee Indian blood in her veins. She is Margaret Daily, formerly premiere danseuse with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, but now in the west for pictures.

Lily Damita came late, with we don't know whom. You never do know who Lily's escort is, she is so soon surrounded by admirers.

Max Constant told us a cute little story about her.

"We were all at the Catalina Island Isthmus working on a picture not long ago," he said. "We came in late from location, and found the commissary closed—we were all living in tents—and the cooks gone.

There was a hungry crowd, including grips and electricians, hollering for their dinner.

"Lily, without any fuss or noise, slipped into the kitchen and in a trice had cooked us a first-class dinner, which we were glad enough to serve for ourselves."

Barry Norton came in just then with a fascinating young South American named Alberto Sanchez, whose torrid tangoing was fascinatingly wicked. We asked Barry what he thought it was that made Lily so fascinating, and he said, "Novelty. American girls are fine, just the thing for a steady diet, but here is a new and intriguing sort of gal."

We observed by that time that Mr. Sanchez had, with South American Spanish precipitancy, already fallen headlong in love with Margaret Daily, and we were sure he would have proposed to her then and there if she had let him. At any rate she let him tango with her, and the dancing part of the party turned into a tango contest from then on.

Barry Norton danced beautifully with Carol Lombard, while Mitchell Lyson danced with Sally Blane, and Paul Ivano with Lia Torra.

Paul told us afterward that he had photographed dozens of South American beauties when he was down there, but that he had found only Lia who really fitted into our idea of a motion picture star.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, who is rapidly making himself a name in pictures, was there, and that cute little Betty Collins.

A number of guests came in rather late, including Carlotta King, who is singing the lead in "The Desert Song," and who has an exquisite voice. She sang some of the music of that piece for us. Her husband, Sidney Russell King, was with her.

David Mir came late, too, and then a perfect rush of guests, including Alice White, who came alone, saying she "had hoped to be able to chisel a beau!"

Mir sang in a most pleasing voice, and then he settled down for a chat with us, telling us about the beautiful new Russian Cafe he is to open soon. He is interested in the Russian Art Club Cafe now—a place where any Russian of high or low degree, will be fed and housed if only he will give a bit of service. Many a Russian duke, I understand, has aided a Russian peasant to wash dishes in the kitchen there!

"And please don't ever give me my title of Prince!" begged Mir. "You know it doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood."

Sally Blane told us that her sister, Polly Ann Young, had had an operation on her lips, which is to improve her mouth so that she will look all right in pictures.

Julanne Johnston came with Michael Cudahy very late, saying laughingly that they "hadn't been invited but had crashed the gate!"

Well, that charming couple know they are welcome anywhere.

Carol Lombard told us how she had been yachting with a party on Mitchell Lyson's yacht, and how she had practiced the surf-board, and that she enjoyed surf-boarding very much once she had learned not to fall into the water.

John Maschio, Cecil B. DeMille's charming assistant director, had cooked the spaghetti and ravioli supper himself, and if he makes as good a director as he does a cook, he may put Von Stroheim in the shade!

"Will you a-yachting go sometime with me?" inquired our host as we left, and of course we easily chorused "Yes" without any

ensemble rehearsal at all. So we have that to look forward to now.

"I'll just bet that Finis Fox wishes that he had on that gorgeous dressing gown his wife, Loris, gave him for a birthday present tonight, instead of his moonlights!" quoth Patsy. Patsy explained that 'moonlights' is Hollywood slang for evening clothes.

Loris Fox was giving her writer-husband a surprise party, but we had arrived too late to find out just how surprised Finis was—if any.

We found a whole wagon-load of gifts piled on the floor in front of the big brick fireplace, in which glowed a hospitable blaze.

The whole O'Neil and O'Day clan was there, including Molly O'Day, Jack O'Neil, Sally O'Neil, and Isabel O'Neil, the last named with her bridegroom husband, John T. Howard, whose dad got rich making a very special kind of salad dressing, and who is very charming in his own right. He was once Ora Carew's husband, you know, but was divorced a long time ago.

Isabel told us what an exciting time she had had on her honeymoon motoring tour, when their auto was wrecked.

"We had an awful accident in Colorado," she explained. "Our auto turned over in a ditch, miles away from anybody. I managed to climb out, but John was unconscious, pinned under the wreckage. I had to drag him out all by myself. I found a little stream and brought him to by bathing his face with cold water!"

Molly O'Day was still looking a little pale following that operation she underwent when she had literally pounds of flesh cut away from her fat little limbs.

"It seemed to be the only way for me to reduce," she said, "but I want to tell you a good deal of nervousness follows an operation like that."

Don and Ann Alvarado were to be separated for the first time in their lives, they said, when Ann goes to New York shortly with Claire Windsor.

Bebe Daniels came in looking blooming, along with Lila Lee.

"I must say that Lila looks a lot prettier, now that she is wearing a little make-up, than she did when she was living with her husband, Jim Kirkwood. You know he wouldn't let her use any," remarked Patsy.

Lila wore an evening dress, without any stockings, explaining that she started out with stockings, but had discovered a run in one of them; so had decided to be very ultra and wear none at all.

Pauline Garon greeted us a bit huskily, saying she had a cold and her voice sounded like Aimee Semple McPherson's.

A lot of engaging young men arrived without any girls, including Norman Kerry, Buster Collier, Roland Drew, Dr. Harry Martin, John Farrow, Rex Lease and some others.

After the buffet supper, we all danced or played cards. Some of us played bridge, but the greater number thought it great fun to learn that new card game called Kamra, which Mrs. Tom Miranda, wife of the scenario writer, has lately invented.

"While the rest of us were grasshoppers and danced all summer," remarked Sally O'Neil, "Mrs. Miranda was the busy bee that invented the card game. And look out that you don't get stung when you play it, too, because you can play it for money."

"Also," chimed in Billie Dove, who had just come in with her husband, Irving Willat, "you can play this game with your own husband without quarreling over it."

We found it a lot of fun, and we clinked glasses to Mrs. Tom's success with her game.

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In New York—Continued from page 43

the Gish girls vowed they couldn't wait till Lillian saw it—to hear what she'd say!

"Well" says Dorothy, "what she didn't say! First of all, she said she was shocked. In the second place, she said she didn't think I was very good in it—to put it mildly." Of course, Dorothy adores Lillian, and Lillian thinks Dorothy is the greatest girl in the world. But they have always been frank with one another; and so it was no surprise to me to hear that Lillian had refused to endorse Dorothy's play for newspaper advertising! Around town they are quoting a cablegram which Dorothy is supposed to have received from Lillian on the occasion of the premier of the play: "Remember, whatever happens, mother and I love you."

Dorothy is one of the rare persons who tells jokes on herself. I asked her if she were through with pictures. She retorted: "They're through with me!" Seriously, though, I've no doubt she will be coming back in a talking picture. Her voice is beautiful, and you all know what a splendid actress she is. Both the girls were child actresses, so Dorothy is as much at home on the stage as on the screen.

* * *

Richard Dix is happy. He says so himself. He's back in New York, and if he has his way about it he won't be leaving again in a hurry. You know when Paramount closed its eastern studios and ordered all its stars to Hollywood, Richard protested—long and vigorously. It didn't do him any good—he was transferred to fulfill his contract in California. But he never stopped wishing he was back!

Rich is one of the few famous screen stars who actually welcomed the talkies. He was a matinee idol in stock before he ever went into pictures, you know; so his voice is excellently trained—and by the way, it's a thrilling voice, guaranteed to send the Dix fanettes into raptures. It's sort of low, and vibrant, and—well, take my word for it; it's good. So Richard is one of the first Paramount stars to be called to the eastern studios to make sound pictures. He was to have done "Bull-dog Drummond" as his first; but Samuel Goldwyn exercised his option on it, and it goes to Ronnie Colman. Instead, Dix will do "Nothing But the Truth"—the stage comedy, with William Collier, Buster's father, supervising the sound.

When I talked to Richard he said he had been working night and day over at Paramount in Long Island City, making voice tests and what-not. But I know he found time to see a few shows, because I heard a story about his attendance at a popular revue. Seems that a little chorus girl saw him out front and passed the word around to her sister chorines that she had once worked as an extra in one of his pictures, and wouldn't it be thrilling if he only recognized her! The other girls framed a note to her and signed his name to it, saying he spotted her and was coming around after the show to say hello. She was thrilled and told everybody. Then it came out that it was all a joke. A kind-hearted stage manager sought out Richard's seat on the aisle and explained the situation. And after the show there was Richard, back-stage asking for the little chorus girl, who had the surprise of her life! It's just like Richard Dix to do a nice thing like that. He's absolutely de-

void of pretense. He is honest with himself and with everybody. I hope he stays in New York a long, long time!

* * *

Hedda Hopper has come into her own. She is a real success in a Broadway play; which gives her the opportunity to shine that the films have denied her. In "Tomorrow," a new play, she enacts the role of a more mature Lorelei Lee. She loves the part. It calls for humor and charm, and Hedda has more than her share of both.

She came back from Europe, which she toured with Frances Marion, and almost at once began rehearsals for this play. Hedda is one of the lucky ones. Her stage experience and her prestige in New York, where she was one of the most popular 'legitimate' actresses before going into pictures, made it easy for her to step into a Broadway production. Many screen stars would give at least eleven diamond bracelets and their pet Pekingese to play even a small part in a Broadway show!

Hedda is living at the Ritz, shopping on Madison Avenue, and in her spare time taking tests for the talkies. Everybody is taking tests these days. Famous stage stars throng the studios, eager to submit their voices and talents to camera and 'mike.' You'll see Hedda Hopper in a talking picture soon. Watch out for her.

* * *

That handsome Bert Lytell is a familiar figure in our town these days. Yes, he is handsome! And feminine New York, reportedly blase, has been known to turn and look after that stalwart, immaculate figure swinging down Fifth Avenue. When you look at Bert you can perfectly well understand why Claire Windsor married him, and why a certain other blonde star is said to miss him awfully while he is in the east.

Bert is living at the Algonquin while he is rehearsing in a stage play. He has been seen more often on the stage than on the screen the past two years, but the talking pictures will change all that. He will probably combine stage appearances with talkie work.

* * *

Nick Stuart, with David Butler, director, and staff, returned from five hectic months "Chasing Through Europe." That's the name of the picture they went abroad to get. They had carte blanche from the Fox company and the unit might have been there yet, if Butler had not finally cabled Winnie Sheehan, general manager, that they had shot 84,000 feet of film—enough, he said, for two pictures. Sheehan then told them to come on home and do the interiors in Hollywood.

Sue Carol, in the capacity of heroine of the picture, was over for a while, but returned long since. Nick had the adventurous role of a news photographer—and he really went through all the exciting routine of an ace cameraman. He pursued the Prince of Wales through parts of France before he, in his character of a cameraman, had the good fortune to snap the British heir and then stand shoulder to shoulder with him in a wreath-laying ceremony. Mussolini shook hands with Nick twice. You will see a dozen celebrities on the screen in "Chasing Through Europe." Nick photographed two kings, two dictators, one royal prince, and one Sultan!

On Location

(Continued from page 55)

picture when left to himself is a standard joke and always good for a laugh. But it is somewhat overdone. I was interested to observe his attitude on this picture that he has been given ten weeks to make. He agreed to do it, and I wager he will, and that it will be one of his best. You know how it is with some people. When they have all day to do a thing they keep thinking of more things to do. When they have an hour the job gets finished just the same and often it is a better one. Von Stroheim struck me as being a person who would do his best work under pressure.

"In about a minute Gloria will be here and I'll have to make all sorts of apologies for not being ready," fretted Von. "Say, when is that sun coming out?" he demanded.

"In about three minutes, Mr. Von. And I think it will stay out about fifteen."

"Good," said Von springing into action. "Get ready! Girls you have to do your stuff before you reach that post. You are out after that. Walter? Who's doubling for Mr. Byron?"

"Himself," shouted Walter brandishing his sword in the air and looking very handsome in his cream white uniform, flashing armor and helmet. His mount was a spirited chestnut mare.

"Fine," Von shouted back. "Send your men back, Walter, when you see the girl who is doubling for Gloria—ride beside her and flirt with her."

"Oak," yelled Walter with another flourish.

Out came the sun and Von made the most of it. He certainly showed himself to be a man of action that day and not a dreamer. His decisions were quick and his work rapid.

The white-robed nuns and girls were walking two by two along the country road with here and there a blossoming fruit tree and a tiny shrine of Our Lady. The soldiers in their stunning cream uniforms pranced on horses. The girls giggled, shook their curls and flirted as much as they dared. Walter rode beside the girl who was doubling for Gloria in the long shots—a pretty, slender, dark-eyed lass. Don't get the idea that Gloria makes a habit of being doubled. But two nights before she had worked until five o'clock in the morning and was pretty tired. If you don't get enough sleep you know what happens, don't you? Circles under your eyes and dull optics. How do you think that would photograph in a close-up? Hence the double that morning, for the close-ups were scheduled for the afternoon.

During the next wait Walter Byron took off his helmet and fell into the chair next to me. 'Fell' is right. Walter had a cold. "I think I have bronchitis by now," he said. "Everything hurts and I can't talk right." He was as husky as a raven.

"You ought to be in bed," I declared. "The picture must go on!" he smiled. "It's just the same as a performance on the stage. When the call boy says 'Curtain' an actor is at his post, and when 'Camera' is called it is just the same."

I imagine you are all well acquainted with Walter Byron by this time. He played opposite Vilma Banky in "The Awakening," succeeding Ronald Colman as Vilma's screen lover. Walter didn't have very much to say this day, because you know how it is when you have bronchitis. And he was all stuffed up in the tight cream uniform and armored breastplate. I remarked that

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it must be a job to keep the uniforms spotless.

"It is," said Walter. "And do you know what happened the other day? Used oil to shine the saddles. Can you picture what we looked like after two hours in the saddle? Luckily we had others."

"Miss Swanson has arrived, Mr. Von," called an assistant from the telephone.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Von. "What did I tell you? Tell her to make herself comfortable until after lunch. I can't use her until then—if then."

Do you know, Mr. Von is a much nicer looking man off than on the screen. Without make-up his face is very kind and his eyes have a merry twinkle. I had heard so much about his temperamental outbursts and dictatorial ways that I was astounded by his manner which was just the reverse of all this. Of course, he probably has his bad moments, but they didn't show that day. He was thoroughly democratic, made sure that the set-up was just what the camera men wanted, and except when he was actually directing he was just 'one of the boys.' However, there wasn't any doubt about who was boss. I discovered, after talking with one or two of the staff, that they have all been with him for years and that they all adore him. He takes the same outfit along wherever he goes, which is a pretty good test of whether a man is a good boss or not. Everyone calls him 'Mr. Von.'

I asked about a story I had been holding against him for two years. It was, that during the filming of "The Wedding March" he had required a whole field of real red roses to be planted as a background for an intimate scene. Of course red roses photograph black and Von Stroheim had the field replanted with white roses at great expense. Which seemed inexcusable extravagance in a man as experienced as Von Stroheim. Well, I discovered that it never happened at all. There are a lot of wise-crackers in Hollywood, as on every Main Street, and these took great delight in entertaining the folks back east with tales that were mostly the coinage of their own mischievous brains.

When the call for lunch came we all started up the hill. George Fawcett arrived just then for a talk with Von about the part he is to play in the second sequence. Later he told me that when he was a little shaver about twelve years old, he and his buddy ran a magazine together. Their fathers each contributed thirty dollars to the firm which started the paper. They had a number of subscribers but their ambitions in the publishing business only lasted a year or two.

Lunch was a scattered affair. Von had to talk over the story with Gloria and Mr. Westland, so they went on a still higher hill to Gloria's dressing-room tent. While this conference was going on I talked with the mistress of the wardrobe, Flora Craig. She had such lovely brown eyes and such fine features that I asked how she ever escaped the screen. She laughed heartily at this. "I didn't. In fact, I have done about everything there is to do both on the stage and screen. My name was Lucille Lorraine," and she watched with amusement the effect this name had upon me. She was a very charming 'Scandal,' I remember, in one of George White's revues. She played in many of the earlier Chaplin films, and leads with Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and Harry Carey for years. Also she is one of the screen's finest stunt women and her last work was in "The King of Kings."

"There are so many things I like to do that when it is a slow season I jump into anything that comes along. I never was on the wardrobe before but I am assisting Claude Lampman, who has handled Mr. Von's wardrobe for years, and I'm having a lot of fun."

I was taken around by Miss Craig and shown where the girls dressed. There were hooks all along the beams at the sides of the tent and unbleached muslin sheets to cover the clothes with. Long tables were provided for the make-up, and one large mirror. "All the girls bring their own little ones. This is just for them to get a glimpse of their costumes."

The first day they were there a strong wind almost took the tents away and covered the costumes with dust. Miss Craig and an assistant worked all night to get them clean as there was not time to send them out to a cleaner.

The girls ate from box lunches at a table in the lee of their tent and the men at one on the shady side of theirs. Walter Byron had retired to his tent feeling pretty miserable.

Then Mr. Westland came and piloted me up the hill to Gloria's tent. It was about twenty feet square and was furnished with a dressing-table, a writing table, several comfortable chairs, a rug and a couch.

Gloria had on a black crepe de chine frock and a tight fitting black velour hat that for some reason or other brought out the amazing blueness of her eyes. She was made up, but there was no reason to dress until her call came. A Chicago friend, Miss Virginia Bowker, who has known Gloria ever since they were children and is a house guest, was introduced.

Gloria has very strong ideas about individuality. She feels that a person's first duty is toward developing himself and bringing out his best. Responsibility toward another life she does not feel. She respects the individuality of her little girl and hopes the time will never come when she will want to bend the child's will to her personal way of thinking.

"When they first laid her in my arms," said Gloria, "an experience which I think no woman should go through this life without, I clutched the little warm bundle to my breast savagely. 'She is mine, mine—all mine!' I cried in an ecstasy of exultation. Then I remembered my code. 'Why, no, she isn't! She isn't mine at all. She belongs to herself and that place in the Scheme of Things that she is to fill, just as I do, just as everyone does. I must remember that she is given into my care only for a short time, to guide. I must not violate that trust. I must never try to rule her mind.'"

"From then on, my baby had a definite personality to me. We talk things over and I make her decide things for herself. I advise her what I think is best but I want her to learn self-reliance; to realize that I am only here to advise and back her up if she needs it. She listens to everything and is as serious as an owl.

"There are certain animal habits you have to train into a child. You can't let it eat with its fingers and it must be taught manners; but on all questions concerning the development of Gloria's mind and personality I do not coerce. The type of mother who nags and says, 'you do this and you do that' and answers a child's question, 'but mother, why should I do it?' with a curt 'because I tell you to,' I have no patience with. Such training ruins more characters, makes more incorrigible girls and

boys than anything else. I am convinced of that.

"Children are not fools. It doesn't take them long to know the inconsistencies of parents who forbid a thing one minute and urge it the next, and for no reason except a whim. Naturally the child loses respect and the result is disobedience.

"The other day Gloria (junior) came to me and asked my advice about some childish problem. I told her that in her position I thought I would do thus and so, 'but that doesn't mean that you must do it, Gloria. You must do what you think in your heart is best, always.' She thought it all out and when she came to a decision she acted immediately."

I found out, too, that Gloria had no respect for gossip. "I can't understand how people can be so interested in the lives of other people. It may be egotism on my part; I don't know; but I have all I can do to keep my own business running smoothly.

"I think people who gossip must have very uninteresting lives and it gives them a thrill to discuss what happens to other people!"

Back on the set Mr. Von was having a fine time with a young calf, a buggy with a priest and a doctor in it, a hay wagon with a half a dozen buxom young lassies on it, and the soldiers! The calf was very temperamental and simply would not be led quietly behind the buggy. To make matters worse 'ma' was mooing with apprehension on the hill a few yards away.

"Shall we take it again, Mr. Von?" asked Gordon Pollock, first cameraman.

"I should say not! Not with a ten weeks' schedule and this weather. Calves always act that way anyhow. It will give life to the scene."

The next set-up required a blossoming tree in the foreground. They had to plant one so that a branch was in the vision of the camera. The blossoms were linen of fine quality. It is impossible to use real flowers in a scene of this sort. For one thing apple trees are not in bloom now and for another they would fade in an hour.

When they were ready to shoot, Paul Ivano, second cameraman, made a megaphone of his hands and shouted, "Will the wardrobe please move out of the foreground!" "Fair enough," shouted Claude Lampman, laughing and moving back a few steps. A gust of wind blew dirt over everything. "Oh, my white habits and linen flowers!" cried Flora Craig, wringing her hands. Everyone shook himself free of the dust.

"All ready!" shouted Mr. Von. "Soldiers, flirt with the girls, tease them! Girls, if they get fresh use your pitchforks!" (Giggles and squeals of laughter from the girls on the hay wagon.)

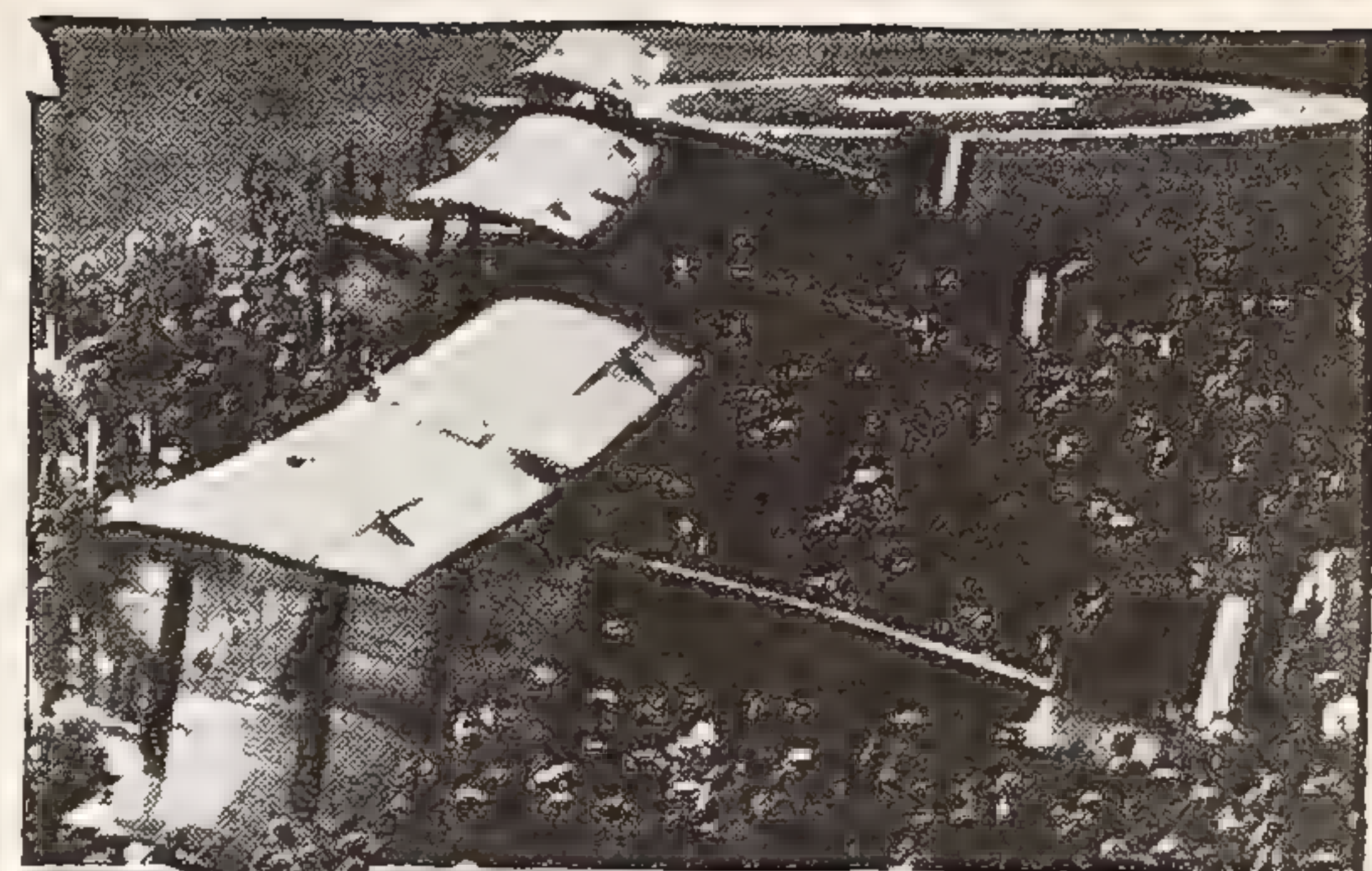
"Who is that man talking to Art Acord?" I asked. Art was seated on a stunning black mount. He is chief buckaroo of the outfit, but I have forgotten just what that means. It sounds marvellous.

"That's Kennedy," someone said.

"What! Joseph P.?" said I.

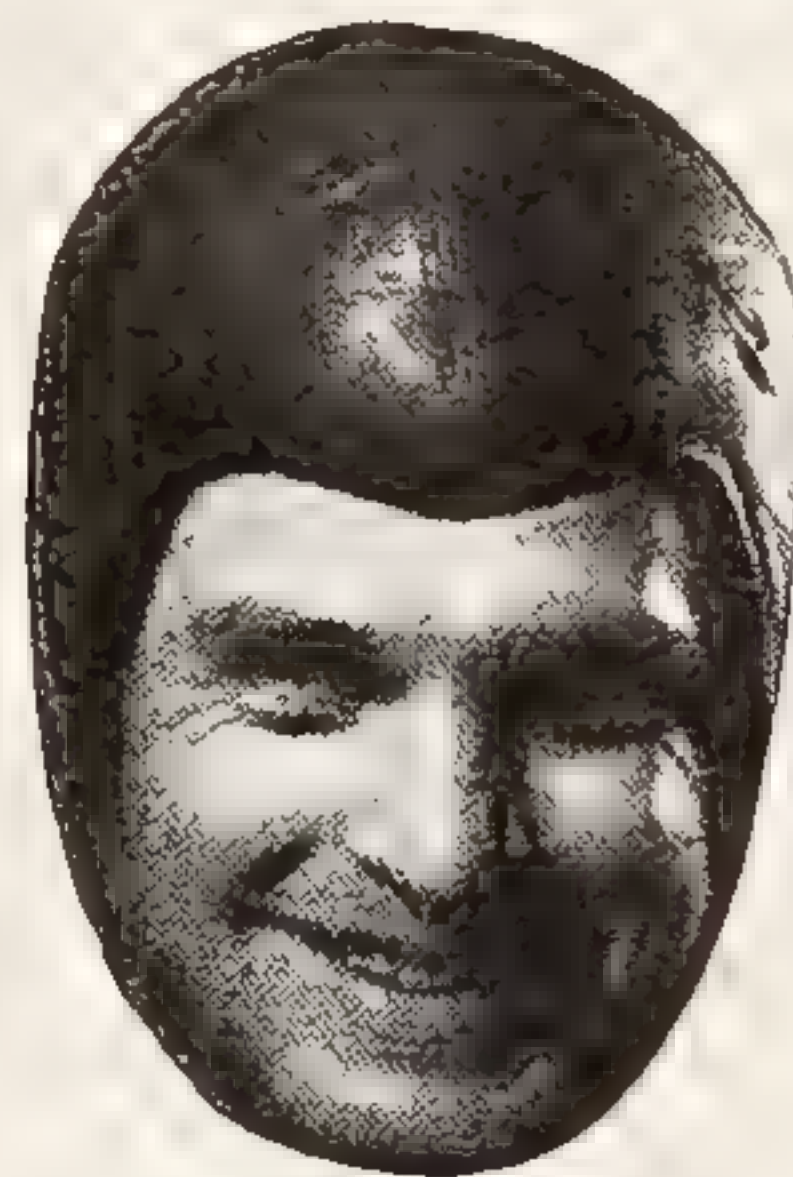
"The same."

There stood the big business man whose influence I have always thought would be a boon to motion pictures. He is a Harvard man with a fine background. He knows the value of money and knows how to make it work for him. He seems to have a pretty keen understanding of human nature—in other words, an executive who has the courage of his convictions. He knows the world, and he is 37!



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Another Follies Girl Succeeds

(Continued from page 86)

what kind of a career I wanted at that time; but somehow I found myself on the stage. I was in the Ziegfeld shows—do you remember 'Sally'? And then I conceived this burning ambition to act—really act! I told Mr. Ziegfeld and he said, go ahead. So I went into drama—but I didn't stay! I just wasn't the type. Back to the Ziegfeld revues, until somebody suggested I try pictures. I started playing bits at the Paramount Studios in Long Island, but it wasn't long before the production end began to fascinate me, and I resolved to try to break into the scenario game. After serving an apprenticeship as a script girl I had my chance to work into continuity. And—that's all!"

She's too modest. Herbert Brenon has entrusted her with the scenario work of such successful pictures as "Sorrell and Son," "The Rescue," and "Laugh Clown Laugh." And lately he assigned her to work with Fannie Hurst on the film version which he will make of Miss Hurst's novel. "Lummo." "Lummo."

Edmund Lowe

(Continued from page 82)

Sergeant Quirt in that picture. Lowe himself says "What Price Glory" changed his whole career.

He studied the stage character of Sergeant Quirt, practiced the make-up for hours, and finally went to Winfield Sheehan, Fox general manager, and asked for a test. No one believed Lowe could do the part. Some even laughed at his temerity in asking for a test. But Lowe is no fool. He realized that his popularity would not last if he continued the wishy-washy roles he had been playing. He staked everything on "What Price Glory."

Lowe calls his present type of screen character 'human.' For want of a better description, he terms them 'crooked heroes.' They are human because they are real, he says. They are heroes because, in all his pictures, Lowe centers in the romantic interest and wins the love of the heroine—and only the hero could do that. Yet, the descriptive word 'villain' fits Lowe's screen portrayals. In recent pictures he has been a gang leader, a crook, a killer, and a cheating gambler!

There is only one explanation of Lowe. He is lovable, no matter what his circumstances or surroundings may be. Like the scapegrace who kisses the pretty girls and makes them like it, Lowe practices his villainies—(human traits, he calls them)—and you like him while he is doing it.

Lowe is a most serious-minded fellow. He considers his screen work a definite business. He studies his parts carefully and plans his characterizations with caution and foresight. His every movie portrayal is a well-thought-out type. He never guesses at what he should do in front of the camera. He knows.

Now that talking pictures are approved by the public, Edmund looms as an even bigger star. His years of training on the speaking stage, during which he appeared in stock companies in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York City, taught him the correct use of his voice. Lowe not only has a good voice but he knows how to use it. Many good voices in Hollywood will go to waste, despite the demand for them that came with talking pictures, because their owners are unaware of any such thing as talking technique.

The Romance of the Vitaphone

Continued from page 47

only available seats for the Warner Brothers' Nickelodeon. He would have to hang a 'Standing Room Only' sign outside the store which might scare the customers away.

The undertaker had agreed to rent the chairs for two o'clock that afternoon. But at the last minute, the wife and relatives of the deceased colored sexton of the Northern Methodist Church, had decided not to put off his funeral until Sunday, but to bury him then and there on Memorial Day when all the negroes of the town would be free to indulge in that greatest of emotional occasions—a negro funeral.

It would mean disaster to the common Warner pocketbook. They had put almost their last penny into the renting of the store and the renting of this special film. And they had counted on a large crowd of holiday makers to put this sum back into their pocket-books plus a nice little profit. But surely after standing all through the parade and the Memorial services at the cemetery, people wouldn't want to stand again at the movie house.

"But Harry," Albert was insisting into the telephone, "you must wait. We can't lose all that money."

At the word 'money,' Sam turned from his soup.

"What's the matter?"

The situation was explained to him.

"Oh, we can fix that O.K. You tell Harry to keep his shirt on; the chairs will be there at two o'clock."

Albert wiped his forehead with his right hand. Sam was the idea boy, all right; he could always dig them out of trouble.

"But, Sam, maybe you'd better tell me how," Albert said as he hung up the receiver.

"That's easy. You just go down and tell Emma Hanley if she'll put off her husband's funeral until tomorrow she and her kids can come to the 'store-show' free from now until Christmas."

"But, gosh, we can't do that. It'd eat up all our profits. She and her nine kids would be piling in there everyday," Albert answered crestfallen.

"No, they won't, either. When a coon mourns, she mourns! That's a real old custom around here. All these negroes go into deep mourning for a year. And they never go to parties or anything but church for six months anyway. They're scared to, for what people would say. And in six months, Christmas will be almost here."

Albert commenced to laugh. "Honest, Sam, you get the greatest ideas on earth."

"Ah, go on! An idea is easy to get. You're the one that's got to persuade Emma to put that funeral off. And you were the one that kept Harry from flying off the handle. Say, if we didn't have you around to smooth things out for all of us, we'd never get far. I can think up things. But you do things. I bet a nickel Emma puts the funeral off and Harry gets his seats!"

Harry did get the seats. And the show, because of the accumulated efforts of the Warner Brothers, got underway promptly at two o'clock of Memorial Day, May Thirtieth, 1903. And the family pocket-book was saved—for that one time at least. But the entire savings of the Warner family were to be risked and lost three times again before success was reached.

Today, Warner Brothers Pictures, Incorporated,

counts its assets at over one hundred and fifty million dollars. The Four Horsemen of the Sound Apocalypse—Harry, Albert, Sam and Jack—have galloped to fortune and fame on the wings of a faithful steed known as the Vitaphone, or the Living Voice.

If you look up the word 'apocalypse,' you will see that it means 'any unveiling or showing forth of secret things.' And it was the Warner Brothers who first believed in and then unveiled the mystery of the talking picture which has transformed them from one of the smaller producing companies into one of the giants of the moving picture world.

Strangely enough, it was Sam, the far-sighted, Sam, the visionary, who looked into the future and made this dream of talking pictures a sound reality. And sadly enough, no sooner had he accomplished this than he fell sick and died.

Of the six brothers who started out nearly thirty years ago, only three remain. Sam, the mechanical genius, died last year. Milton, the former Big League ball player, passed on twenty-five years ago. And David has been an invalid, suffering from sleeping sickness, for nearly a decade.

The three who are left—Harry, Albert, and Jack have almost interchangeable personalities. All are six-footers. All are dark. All are remarkably well built. And all have the same, steady, thoughtful voices—as if they weighed each word before they spoke it.

Harry, the oldest, is forty-seven. Just as in the old days at Newcastle, he is the financial and executive head of the whole business. Albert, forty-four, is the contact man. It is his diplomacy and even temper which keeps the wheels oiled between the brothers, between the employees and between the world. Albert is a man you would trust with your dearest possession. Jack, the youngest, has given up his tenor songs. But the same showmanship which enabled him to 'put over' a song in the early days, enables him, today, to handle the entire vast production energies of the Warner Brothers Studios.

As Albert Warner sat in his beautiful office on the top floor of the Warner Brothers Building in New York, he said: "I attribute our success absolutely to the fact that we brothers have stuck together. There has never been any quarreling or bickering between us. What money one has all share. There are no contracts or articles of partnership between us."

His eyes roamed around his office. Heavy velvet carpet, heavy old oak furniture. Plain walls, high windows overlooking the factories and stores of Eighth Avenue. The door was open into the next room, which was Harry's office. The door of Harry's office was open into an adjoining apartment which was Jack's office—when he is in New York. And the last office, opening from Jack's, was the one that Sam had occupied. Their offices are as communal as their old sleeping room used to be in Newcastle. And while these executive rooms are beautifully furnished, there is a plainness about them which shows that no matter how far the brothers have climbed in the world, they have held to the early principles of simplicity which Benjamin and his wife instilled in their sons. There is nothing ostentatious, or effete about the brothers. Despite their wealth, they are men.



Can You Tell?

Look over some of the ads in this magazine. What's wrong with them—can you tell? There is something wrong with every ad—no advertisement is perfect. Sometimes it is the words used in the headline. Sometimes it's the illustration. Sometimes the ad is too crowded. Again the wrong publication may have been selected—these are a few of the fascinating problems confronting every advertiser. And the man or woman with ideas and opinions who can help solve these problems is being paid startling big money. Millions upon millions of dollars are being spent every month in newspaper and magazine advertising—to say nothing of the many millions spent in mailing out catalogs, sales letters, circulars, house organs, and broadsides. And nearly every advertiser admits that his advertising and sales literature do not pull anywhere near the business they should—that there's tremendous room for improvement.

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F. A. HARRE, Dept. 499, 510 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Thirty years ago, out in Youngstown, Ohio, Benjamin Warner's shoe shop was going on the rocks. "What is not clear to me," he would say, shaking his head stolidly, "is that these people here will go into a store and pay four dollars for a pair of leaky shoes rather than to come to us and get a pair made from fine leather on their own last for three dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Maybe, papa," ventured Albert the diplomatic, "maybe you make them too heavy. I notice now," he continued, "that here in the shops the shoes are lighter and more stylish."

The father shook his head again. "So was I taught to make shoes in the old country. And so was my father taught. And so will I go on making them."

Soon the situation became so critical that the boys decided to give up their small time jobs in the town and visit larger cities in search of work. Sam became a fireman on the Erie. Harry and Albert got positions in Chicago, working in the big meat packing industries. Jack found that he had a very nice tenor voice and so was exploiting himself singing illustrated songs in the 'store-shows' and nickelodeons throughout the middle west.

Day after day as Sam stood feeding his 'Iron Horse,' roaring along the Erie Railroad, the coal flames reflecting shadows over his sensitive, grime-smeared face, he kept thinking of some quick stroke whereby he might pull his family out of their commonplace rut and give his father Benjamin and his mother the comforts to which their hard work had entitled them.

One rainy morning in April, 1898, Sam could no longer contain the energies and ideas which swarmed out of his healthy young body and mind. "I'll have to do something, I'll have to do something"—the wheels of his mind turned as fast as the wheels of the locomotive. On the impulse of the moment, he resigned from the Erie, hopped a freight train and determined to 'ride the rods' until he found some opportunity for a larger life.

Two days later as he rode into Sandusky, Ohio, still on the rods, along the track he noticed a carnival setting up its tents for the coming week's performance. Ferris Wheel. Merry Go Round. Paddle Wheels. Hot Dog Stands. Concessions of all kinds. And over in a distant corner of the lot, he noticed a sign which read: "THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—THE GREATEST NOVELTY THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN." This was one time when an advertising poster nearly spoke the truth!

Sam got a job setting up the chairs and cleaning out the tent in which the first movie of any importance, 'The Great Train Robbery,' was being shown. He saved every cent he made, except what he spent for food in the tent-show boarding house, slept on the ground, washed his clothes when they were dirty, and before long had saved enough to buy a print of this film, and also a second-hand, shaky projection machine.

Calling the rest of the family to battle, children and mother started out on the road with one of the first moving picture 'road shows' ever to tour America.

Harry gave up his meat packing job and looked after the money. Albert joined up to procure booking for the picture. Sister Rose played the piano. Another sister took tickets at the door. Jack sang his tenor songs and blacked up between times to step on the scene when something went wrong. Mama cooked good goulash, washed and darned the clothes, and generally kept the

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morale of the Warner Clan at a high level with her vital Polish spirits. Papa remained in Youngstown to earn what he could.

The strange thing about this road show was that there were no ructions or quarrels to mar its success. 'One for all and all for one' was the Warner slogan then just as it is now. When there was no money, nobody ate. And nobody grumbled. When there was food, everybody ate and nobody complained that one had more than the other. That holds true today, too. Now that success has come to them, Harry has built a beautiful big house out in Larchmont, in Westchester County. Jack has built another out in Beverley Hills, California. "That's their business," Albert commented. "That's the way they want to live so why shouldn't they? As for me, I prefer a quiet apartment in New York. And that's how I live. But if I wanted a sum of money, no matter how large it was, I would take it. And neither Albert nor Jack would ask me what I wanted with it. We love and trust each other. I guess that's the answer."

Because this family trusted each other and because they worked by no labor-law day of eight hours, the little road show was a success. Such a success, that they abandoned the venture and set up a store show in Newcastle, Pennsylvania.

Here it was that they started to educate the public. Women, in those days, would not attend such amusement places because they were unlighted. It was Harry Warner who put modest oil lights along the sides of the interior of the 'store-show' and was rewarded by feminine patronage. It was this same foresight in educating the public that has given Warner Brothers much of their success in developing sound pictures. They could have shown Vitaphone pictures to the public two whole years before they did. But first, Harry Warner decided the public must be educated to receive them enthusiastically. How far his efforts in this direction have gone is best evidenced by the mad desire today for any sort of pictures with sound accompaniments.

After a modest success in Newcastle, the Warner Brothers went a step up—which ultimately turned out to be a step down. They developed a film exchange in Pittsburgh, and also edited the 'Film Noise,' the father of the present-day moving picture trade papers. Unfortunately, after six years, Warner Brothers could no longer get films to sell in their exchange. Film companies were developing their own selling organizations. And the brothers sold out for little or nothing.

They made a second try, refusing to accept defeat—and again they failed.

A third time, they started over again. They decided to make their own pictures, but instead of one reelers and two-reelers they would make feature pictures of five and six reels. They were just about five years too early with the idea. For theatre owners only wanted to show one-reel films. This time, the Warners were 'cleaned out.'

Starting again from scratch, with no capital except enthusiasm and endless capacity for work, the four brothers commenced producing modest pictures, of the length the public desired to buy.

Meantime, however, the realization was forming itself in Sam Warner's mind that the silent movie seemed near the end of its tether. And he commenced to investigate talking pictures with an eye toward ultimately educating the public to enjoy sound films.

Sam found that talking pictures dated

back to 1892 when Demeny, a Frenchman, synchronized a phonograph and lantern slide. Two years later Edison did the same thing with his 'Kinetophone' but much better.

In 1910 a more highly developed Edison device was shown for some months over the Keith-Orpheum circuit but it was regarded only as an interesting novelty.

Sam Warner followed all these developments carefully and in 1923 when Dr. Lee De Forest developed his 'Phonofilm' to the point where it was successfully shown in theatres in New York and other parts of the country, Mr. Warner persuaded his brothers to fling themselves whole-heartedly into talking pictures. It took a year for him to lay his plans. And it was in the latter part of 1924 and the early part of 1925 that joining with the Western Electric Company, the romance of the Vitaphone was developed and brought to the world, raising the relatively unimportant Warner Brothers Company to a predominantly powerful position in the motion picture industry.

Warner Brothers could have shown talking pictures to the world two years before they actually did. But Harry had learned his lesson: *not to anticipate the public's taste*. Instead, they decided to educate the public up to talking pictures. Their first step was to lease the Manhattan Opera House and to employ famous violinists and opera singers: Mischa Elman, Harold Bauer, Efrem Zimbalist, Marian Talley, and many others. The grand climax came when the New York Philharmonic Orchestra gave the first Vitaphone performance. Shortly after that, pictures were filmed with small talking sequences. These sequences gradually increased until today, three all-talking pictures produced by Warners are starring on Broadway; and there are synchronized films in theatres all over the country.

Today with Warner Brothers' ownership of the Vitaphone Corporation and with their control of the Stanley Theatres of America, which operates two hundred and fifty theatres and three thousand film houses, Harry, Albert and Jack Warner have reached the top of the trade.

"Yes," Albert said as he peered across his office desk out into the twilight which was settling down early over Eighth Avenue, "it was Sam whose interest in everything mechanical turned our attention first to sound pictures. And we've made millions. But that doesn't bring Sam back."

"The three of us who are left will carry on, and I believe we will always accomplish more work in one day than any other trio of men will in three, not because we are smarter, but because we trust each other implicitly and don't have to waste time with petty executive jealousies."

"Even our parents are still working. We built them a fine home out in Hollywood where they can lean back and take it easy. But they've worked so long that now they can't get out of the habit and every day they drive over to the studio and keep an eye on things. Papa is seventy-two years old but he is still strong and healthy and drives his own car."

"As I look back, if I have any regrets, it is that we brothers didn't get more education. Most of us stopped in grammar school. I had one year of high school because I played football. But often when I have to get up to address conferences, employees' organizations and the like, I wish I had the gift of eloquence and the training that comes from a University education. Perhaps I could reach my men better."



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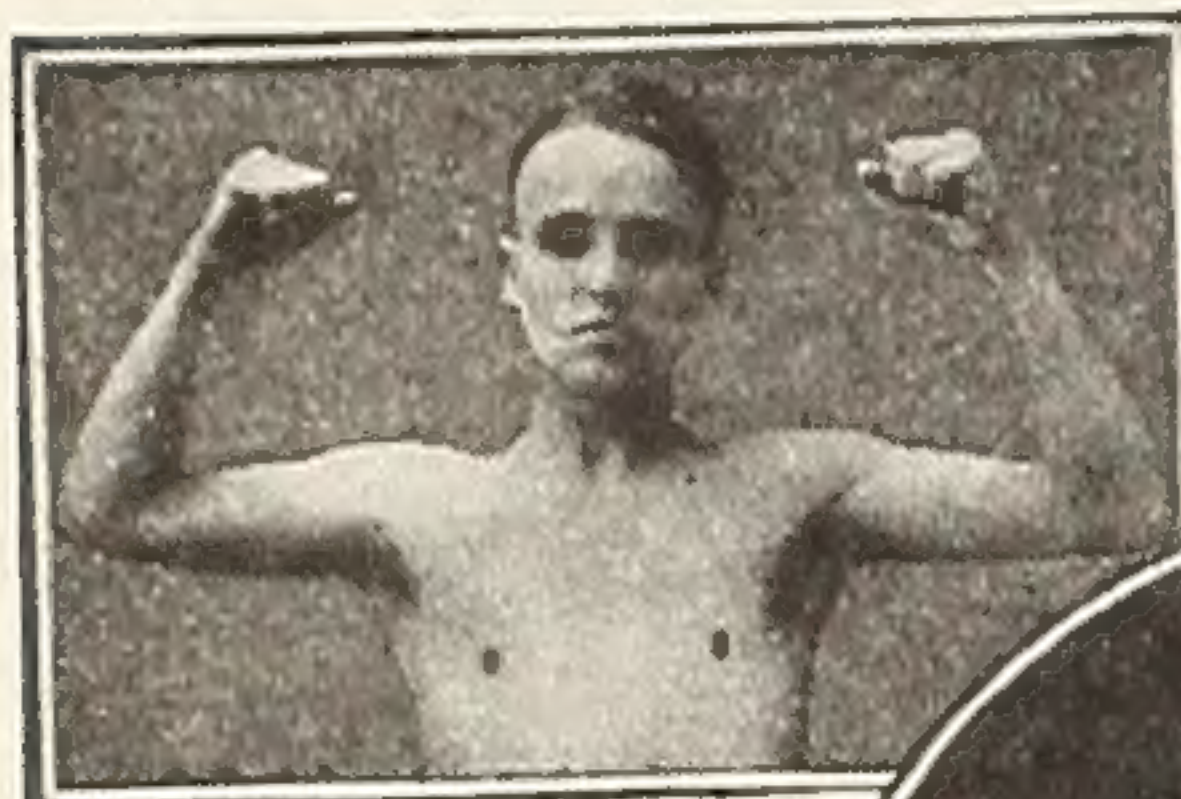
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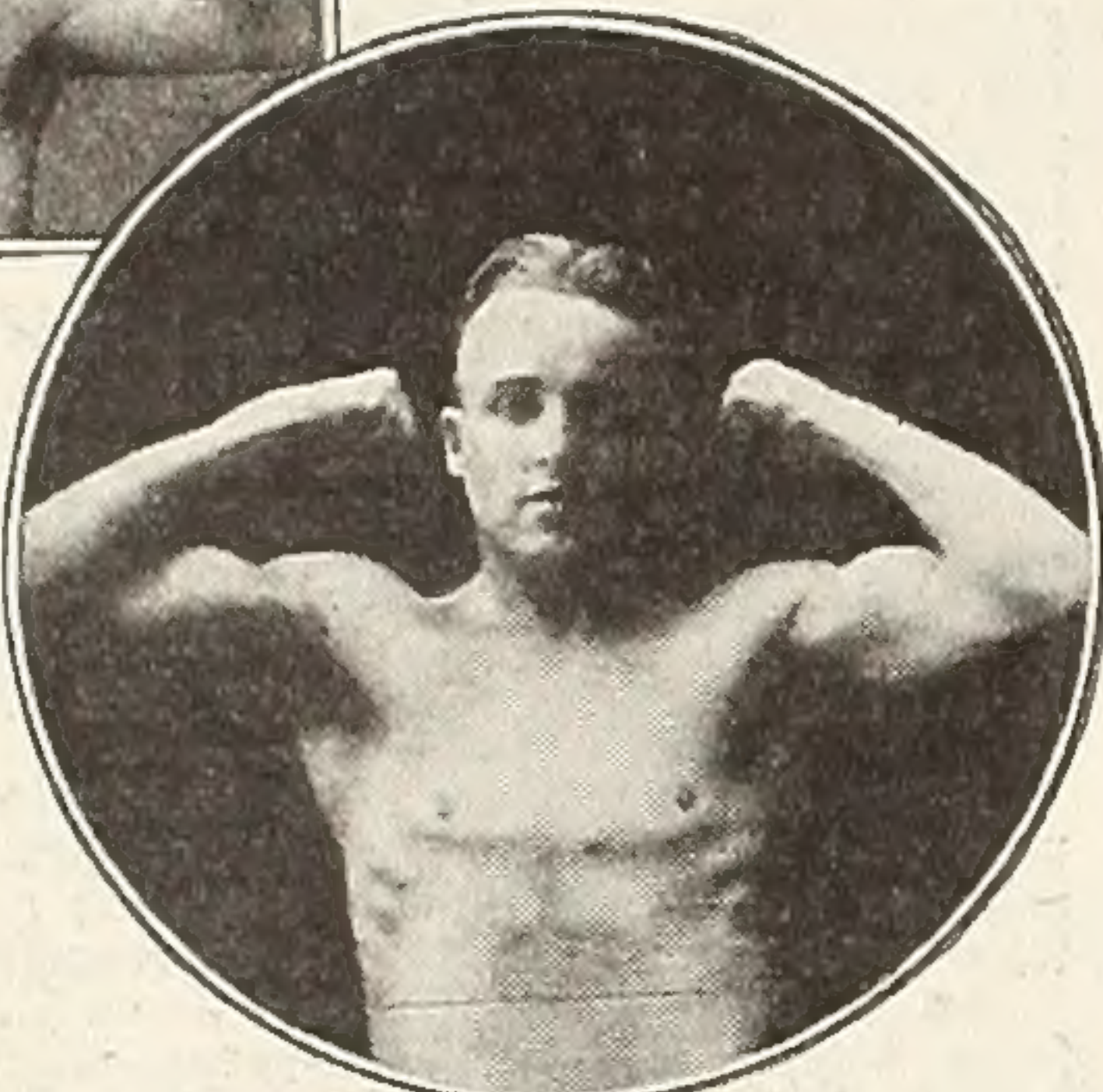


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Clothes for the Smart Young Girl

Continued from page 45

no better than adopt the style credo of the Norma Shearer type.

It is natural and right for her to have many sport costumes because the woman of today has brought that freedom of dressing very much into her life. She rides, practices archery, plays tennis and golf, hikes and motors. All of these activities call for individual costumes that suit the occasion.

The black and white leather coat in the sketch would be an amusing costume for the Shearer Girl to motor in. The leather is white kid and black antelope.

The Shearer type look exceptionally well in tweeds. Gray-blue herringbones, periwinkle, lavender-blue, turquoise blue, red and white—all of these colors suit her well. Close-fitting hats give her head a sleekness and an alertness that becomes her. Her hats must have action. The one-sided brim particularly suits her. Simplicity around the neck is very important. Any severity can be overcome by the casual use of a fur scarf which she can let fall or carry about her throat according to her desire. Fancy jewelry of any sort not only detracts from her charm but also shows a lack of surety in her judgment which a woman of good taste never resorts to.

Miss Shearer brings a restraint to her formal afternoon clothes that is interesting. In other words, she knows when to stop. How many women do? How many women can lay aside the very thing they adore because they know it is not right with the costume they have on! That necklace which is so perfect with another dress but which would look too ridiculous on this one—that flower which is divine on that simple coat but when worn with this dress shows that she does not 'know!'

It is the knowing when to stop that is much more important than knowing where to begin. It is the very quality that enables the painter to lay down his brush. Otherwise he would be painting on and on—spurred by enthusiasm rather than knowledge. There is no doubt in the world that in this day and age where simplicity in dress has reached a pinnacle never before attempted that keen judgment is more necessary than ever before.

For years motion picture clothes were conceived in order to startle and amuse. That the wife of the millionaire wore a

gown whose train could only be looked at through a telescope, seemed to delight the complex which so many of the ladies adored to believe was true. That dream has been shattered. We realize today that women of wealth do sparkle but not in quite such an obvious fashion. The train is in evidence still but it is arrived at with more subtlety. Miss Shearer is a subtle type.

As Miss Shearer has a great deal more opportunity to entertain than the average woman it is quite fitting for her to favor her more intimate friends with the hostess gown. Here she can give reign to all the beauty and grace that we associate with this elusive type of dressing.

The hostess gown in the sketch is of silver fabric loosely woven which gracefully clings to the body and sweeps from its short front to its dripping back. The embroidery of silver and black in front is real and precious and its long-sleeved jacket of black velvet giving a bolero effect is loose-fitting and comfortable.

It is here that she either plunges into the depths of the most obvious lack of taste or emerges a graceful, intelligent and wise woman.

I'm wondering how many women who are comparatively well-dressed because they are limited in their means would remain well-dressed if they had as much money to spend as they wanted to on their clothes, or if they would run riot and come forth looking more like the circus at Madison Square Garden than tea at the Ritz!

In the evening the Shearer type can be really quite splendid. Her evening gowns can be important. They can almost be grand because she has the dignity that enables her to carry that sort of thing. Quite naturally they have none of the earmarks of the flapper. They have grace rather than pep. They have charm rather than the exotic quality. They are essentially the clothes of a young lady who thinks. They can be a bit studied because she will wear them as though they had not been studied.

In other words, the Shearer Girl can end her day by being as formal as the occasion demands because she will soften the sharp points of its importance by the graciousness of her manner. It is the time when the mental quality is even more important to her clothes than the clothes themselves.

Nils Asther—Continued from page 83

misses. "Acting in films is like wearing a new pair of shoes—you have to learn to walk in them," is his comment.

"But how can you act in talking pictures with a Swedish accent?" he was asked.

"Oh—that is so very easy," he smiled. "Sounds are sounds and you can learn to make them. I can learn lines phonetically and pronounce them without accent, even though my other conversation may show that accent. It is the same as men who stammer can sing on the stage.

"Once I went to Paris and played on the stage for a season, in a French play. I was supposed to be a Frenchman. I recited the lines without any accent, but didn't know a word of French, except from how it was translated and explained to me. You learn the sounds and what they mean in the other fellow's language. But English I

know—I can read it—and the accent I don't worry about."

There is a good deal behind Asther besides his theatrical and film experience—which may account for the aura of mystery. He served some years in the Swedish diplomatic service, in Moscow and Russia, and carried out, it is said, several secret missions. These he doesn't talk about.

"Maybe being a secret diplomatic agent is what makes you so mysterious," it was suggested.

"But I am not mysterious," retorted Asther. "I have not a secret in the world. I come, do my work, go home. I have my friends. I never hide anything I do.

"I think people make up things to guess about me, then say I am mysterious, when it is really they. I am just a young Swede trying to get along."

The TALKING PICTURE REACHES PERFECTION IN OLD ARIZONA



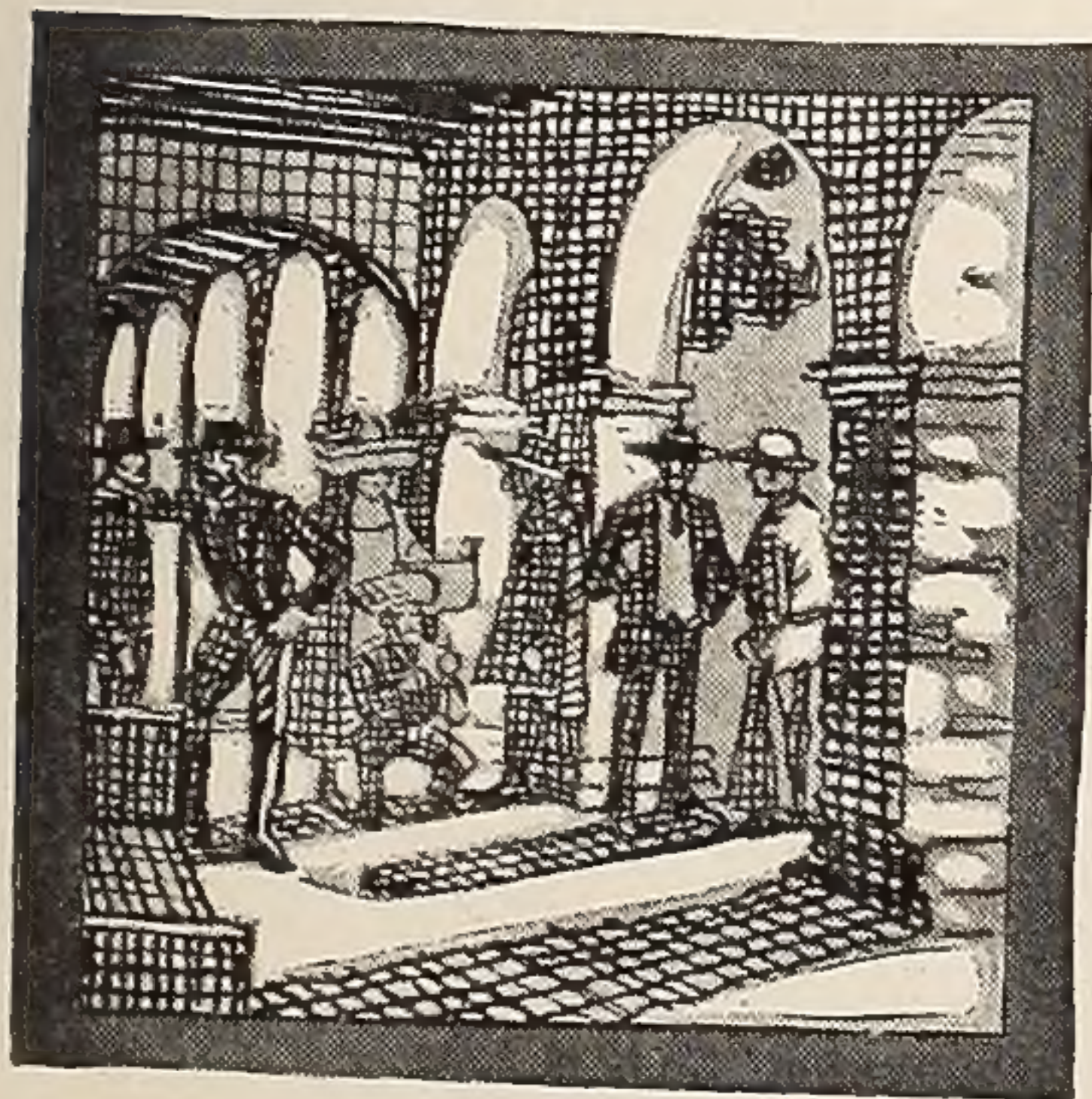
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